YANK

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By the men . . . for the men in the service

A YANK Photographer in the Ruins of Cassino

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THE RUINS OF CASSINO: A SMOKE SHELL HAS JUST EXPLODED AMID THE DEBRIS AND THE SMOKE PARTIALLY OBSCURES HANGMAN'S HILL IN THE BACKGROUND. IT IS CALLED THAT BECAUSE "A PIECE OF FRAMEWORK THAT LOOKS LIKE A GALLOWS" IS STANDING THERE.

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CASSINO

A YANK photographer crawls through the wreckage in the ruined Italian mountain town where the Allies are still locked with the Germans in one of the war's longest battles and brings back some remarkable pictures.

By Sgt. GEORGE AARONS
YANK Staff Photographer

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—They gave me a Tommy bowler and a leather jerkin and made me take off my combat suit. Otherwise, they said, the British snipers might shoot at my American helmet because it looked like the German one. The captain briefed us, explaining that our load would be rations and barbed wire. He gave us the password and checked to see if everyone knew the rendezvous at the edge of town.

There were 11 in our party: eight of the men carrying rations; the captain, another man and myself carrying wire. The moon had come up by this time, bringing the slopes of Montecassino out of the darkness.

The captain, the wireman and I started off in a jeep, sitting all three in the front; the back was loaded with the five reels of barbed wire. The windshield was down, so I got the full benefit of the cold night air. It seemed as if we were the only mechanized travel. Soon we began to pass long, slow lines of mules, heavily laden and led by soldiers. The mule lines turned and wound with the road into the valley.

The soldiers leading them were evidently of several nationalities, because whenever our jeep turned a corner and came up unexpectedly on the rear of a column, we heard voices cry out warnings in French and English and sometimes in Italian.

When the mule trains became scarcer, we caught up with jeeps pulling loaded trailers. Occasionally we passed companies of Infantry replacements moving up.

The driver was familiar with the road and he began to speed up, never lingering long on the high points or crossroads because, he said, "they have those spots zeroed in." Although the flats in front of the town were occasionally shelled, nothing fell near us.

I noticed that smoke shells were being put down in front of the town, blocking out the lower slopes but leaving the monastery clearly visible above.

We passed a few dead mules by the side of the road and then a Bren-gun carrier lying in a ditch. There was a heavy smell in the air, a mixture of dead mules and the bright yellow flowers patching the flats in the valley.

Then we came to the flats flooded by the Germans. We made the turn at Hell's Fire Corner, clearly marked by strips of mine tape strung on two shot-up six-by-sixes and two wrecked ambulances.

The driver stepped on the gas, and we raced across the Rapido, bounced past a couple of knocked-out tanks and came to an intersection. The inevitable MP stood there, directing traffic. We turned left at a barracks, and it was then that we began to see the first effects of the terrific shelling and bombardment the town had received. Only a few pillars remained standing above the debris of the barracks on the outskirts. Here and there were dead Shermans, which had thrown their treads as a snake sheds its skin.

Pulling up in front of our meeting place, we quickly unloaded the wire. Before we could acknowledge the hurried "Bye, Yank, see you

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RUBBLE EVERYWHERE, AND STICKING UP IN THE BACK A CASTLE—THAT IS, ITS REMAINS—NOW IN OUR HANDS.

IN A HOUSE WHERE WALLS ARE SO THICK THAT IT IS A FORTRESS, NEW ZEALANDERS INSTALL ANTITANK GUN.

tomorrow night," the driver raced away, leaving the captain and me alone with our reels of barbed wire.

I'd expected the worst during the ride but nothing had happened, and now I remarked to the captain: "It's pretty quiet tonight." He turned and said quietly that there was an understanding among the men never to mention things like that on these trips. He told me he made a trip like this one every night.

While we waited for the truck to arrive, he demonstrated how to carry a coil of barbed wire. You stand inside the coil and then grab hold of the looped pieces of insulated wire on each side.

SOON there was a terrific clanking down the road, and I was sure every German in Cassino could hear the truck coming. The noise was made by chains carried over the truck's bumper.

The men scrambled out and the captain checked to see that each man had his proper load. The rations were carried in pairs of sandbags tied together at the mouth and then slung over the men's shoulders. Each man also carried a small bag in each hand.

While the captain was attending to the final details, the Germans started. There's a funny thing about mortars: when they're going to miss you they can be heard, but the closer they get the quieter they sound.

There would be a swish-swish, a burst of flame and then a loud explosion. I felt very uneasy. The shells were exploding in the very path we were traveling, and I whispered to the New Zealander behind me: "It's getting kind of noisy." He whispered back: "Jerry's having his bit of hate."

When we moved off, the captain placed me behind him and explained that we must keep five yards between us. He picked up his coil and started off, hugging the bank alongside the road. Picking up my coil, I noticed that it was off balance but decided there was no time to do anything about it now and took up the trail right behind the captain. I heard the man behind me do the same.

Everything was still all around us. Suddenly a burst of machine-gun fire shattered the silence, synchronized with a single tracer that lazily arched its way across us toward our lines. This was followed by a couple of mortars, and then all was quiet again.

It was a beautiful night, filled with all the signs of an awakening spring. A lonely night bird was sounding off over in Purple Heart Valley, and the sting had gone out of the breeze coming down off the mountain.

When we got to the edge of the town, the captain set his coil down near an overturned Sherman and stopped. I was puffing hard and was grateful for this chance to rest. In the distance we could hear the sound of long-range shelling. Occasionally the tanks bedded down in the flats would fire a mission, and then all would be quiet again.

The captain asked me how I was doing and then said that we didn't have much farther to go, but that it would be rougher now; we were coming to the rubble. "I hope Spandau Alley is quiet tonight," a Kiwi whispered in my ear, explaining that it was a spot along our route that the Kraut sprayed every so often in the hope of catching just such a party as ours. "We've been pretty lucky so far," he said. "He's just missed every time."

As we started off again, I hoped silently that he would continue to miss. In a few minutes we were in the rubble, and when someone stepped on a tin can my heart seemed to stop. As it resumed its normal beat, I could see that we were walking on what had once been a street; we were trying to hug the stumps of walls of houses. It was so quiet that I could hear a cat crying.

There was actually no shape to the road as we climbed over heaps of rubble covering the first floor of what had once been a house, down the other side into a bomb crater and then around a tank that lay on its side. I had no idea at times whether we were going up or down a slope and just followed the man in front of me.

Suddenly the near quiet was broken by a very sharp swish, then by the crash of a mortar. The captain shouted: "Take cover, blokes." Everybody dropped what he was carrying, stretched out flat and tried to crawl to some hole or to get behind a heavy wall that was still standing.

I could hear the captain moving about to make

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sure that everyone was safe. I found myself sprawled out behind a two-foot-thick wall, in the company of a Kiwi who wasn't wearing a helmet. Shivering and sweating at the same time, I whispered to him: "Isn't this a helluva place?" He whispered back: "I wish I was in the desert again." So did I.

There was another crash and a burst of flames, and the ground shook under us. The falling plaster dust tickled my nose, and I tried to get closer to the ground and curl my long legs in under me. Pieces of rubble pelted us, and a pebble hit me in the back of the neck, making me wish I was wearing my deep American helmet.

After a few seconds I raised my head. There was a lot of dust, and the smell of the shell was still hanging in the air. But I could see the captain going from man to man to check whether they were all okay. He had plenty of guts.

I heard a lot of swishing in the air over our heads. Some of it was our stuff, and I remembered someone saying that we give the Kraut about seven for every one he sends over. Any other time I would have been comforted by the thought, but at the moment it wasn't very reassuring because a lot of his stuff was coming at us. We all stayed where we were, but finally no more came, and then our guns stopped firing, too. All was quiet again, but we didn't move until the captain said: "Let's get cracking, blokes."

I went back to where I had dropped the wire. "Quite close, eh, Slim?" the captain said. "Too bloody close," I mumbled.

The dust had cleared away but it was quite dark now; some clouds had blown in front of the moon. Stumbling over huge blocks of masonry, girders and bomb craters large enough to hide a six-by-six, we made our way along.

Every so often we'd pass some Infantry replacements going in, others on their way out. I could understand now why I'd had to change uniforms. Someone seeing my different rig mighr have thought I was a German who'd infiltrated

COMING out of a crater behind a tank, I saw the captain step out of his coil. "We're here," he said as I came up to him. All I could see was a ruin similar to those we had passed.

The Kiwis filed in with the rations while we left the barbed wire outside. Squeezing into the entrance, I heard a voice in the dark say: "Give me your hand, Yank." I stuck my hand out, groping, and the owner of the voice grabbed it. I followed him in the dark, turned right and went down some steps into a room. It was dimly lit by a shielded candle in a box.

Coming out of the dark, I found even this light seemed bright. There were many coats and blankets lying on the floor, some American and some British. I plopped down and wiped some of the sweat off my face.

There was a double-decker bunk in one corner of the room. The Germans had built it, but none of our men was sleeping in it because it was too hard. This was company headquarters, and the bunk was serving as a set of shelves.

From here men went to various other houses to deliver the loads. I was introduced to the major in charge and to the rest of the men in the house.

A walkie-talkie was going in the corner of the house and the radioman was trying to contact a forward platoon in another house. The telephone lines were out, and headquarters was using the radio to maintain contact with this platoon.

When the men of the carrying party got back, they threw themselves down and started to light up. The major cautioned them against smoking in the outer room. One fellow lit his cigarette with a match and then passed the cigarette around so the others could light up.

The soldiers occupying the house gathered around the carrying party to get all the latest news and rumors from camp. Loud talking interfered with the radioman's reception and he shouted: "Shut up, back there!"

The captain asked if there was anything else the men wanted, but there was no answer. He picked up their letters and waited for a barrage of shelling to stop before he left. He shook hands and said that he would see me tomorrow. Then he gathered his men together and left. On the return trip they carried back salvage—broken rifles, clothing and even the dead.

The major went out to make the rounds of his forward platoons. After every barrage, the man on the phones checked to see if the wires were still in. If the platoons could not be contacted.

masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U.S.A.

A KIWI, WHOSE HIGH SPIRITS EASILY COME THROUGH THE SHADOWS, CAREFULLY CLEANS HIS BREN GUN.

THIS WAY FOR THE VALLEY OF THE PURPLE HEART. IN THE CENTER: AN OVERTURNED SHERMAN TANK.

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headquarters would try to reach them by radio until a man could be sent to repair the break.

When the major came back, he said I could take any place on the floor and handed me two blankets. I picked out an empty spot and spread them out. There was a layer of debris dust insulating the blankets from the bare floor.

The radioman left word with the sentry to call him every hour, the major snuffed out the candle and I crawled in between the blankets with all my clothes and shoes on. All through the night many shells hit near the building; occasionally one would hit the house, but this house had withstood many previous hits. Often I could hear short bursts of machine-gun fire. They say you can tell a German Spandau from our guns because it fires more rounds per minute, but to me they all sound the same.

EARLY next morning we were awakened by the sound of machine-gun fire coming from every direction. The major leaped up and called out: "Take position, men." It was just beginning to get light, and someone said it was 5 o'clock.

The major called his forward platoons by radio to find out what had caused all the noise. He was told that the Germans had attacked earlier in the night with a strong patrol but had been detected. Flares were sent up, and our artillery had shelled them. The patrol had hunted around most of the night and at first light had attacked again. They had been beaten off and three prisoners taken. The major told me the Germans were just testing our strength.

I didn't feel like going back to bed and decided to look around the place. As I came up the stairs out of the cellar, I saw two Kiwis on guard at the window of a room right across the way. There were two guards at the lookout window at the opposite end of the room and two guards at the only entrance to the house. They all had tommy guns.

The walls of the house were at least a foot and a half thick, and there were two floors of fallen rubble over our heads. The only thing that could knock us out was a direct bomb hit. I could understand now how Stalingrad had held out. We and the enemy were so close that neither side could effectively use heavy artillery or bombs for fear of hitting its own men.

I peered out the lookout window but couldn't see much because of the early morning haze. The guard was reduced to one man at the lookout and one at the entrance, while the others set about preparing breakfast. The room used for a kitchen was also a combined dining room and latrine, and the odor left you in no doubt as to the latter function.

After breakfast two of the men stepped cautiously out of the house and crept to a nearby well to get water. Just as the men reached the well a barrage of mortars let go, and some of the shells hit the house, shaking up the rubble. The men at the well got back safely, though I never thought they would. It was my first lesson in the unwisdom of walking outside in daylight.

Though I spent most of the morning looking out the window with binoculars, I couldn't pick out a living thing. There must have been at least 60 houses occupied by our troops, besides those held by the Germans—more than a thousand men concealed before me. Yet I never saw a soul or heard a human sound. Nothing ever happens in Cassino in the daytime.

The day passed quickly. The men who were not on guard sat around talking sex and politics, except for the night guards who were sleeping. The telephone man was checking up to find out which wires he'd have to repair that night. He said that no repairs are ever made by day and that never a day goes by that wires aren't torn up by shell fire.

From my post at the lookout window I could see smoke shells landing on the flats. Each side uses smoke shells to hinder observation. As I looked out, Cassino reminded me of a ghost town wearing down with the years.

Above the house on a ridge sits the castle—or what's left of it—which we now occupy; and on the ridge right behind is Hangman's Hill, so called because a piece of framework that looks like a gallows stands there. The Germans, who hold Hangman's Hill, look down our backs as we use the outdoor latrine.

Later that afternoon the major asked if I'd like to go visiting. We started off for our next-door neighbor's. Although the distance between the houses was only about 25 yards, it looked like an obstacle course. As the major led the way, I sidestepped our barbed wire, jumped over a block of masonry and leaped in and out of a crater, never daring to look back. We rounded a chunk of wall, wiggled through an entrance that was nothing more than a shell hole in the wall, then slid down a pile of rubble to the main floor, where we ran smack into a Kiwi with a tommy gun. The Kiwi seemed to have heard all about the Yank with a camera, so I figured the communications system was still functioning.

We were barely inside when we heard the crash of mortar shells dropping on our recent route, as if to say: "You're not putting anything over on us."

This house was about the same as the other except that it had more armament. There were Bren guns, and the Kiwis were setting up an antitank gun, carried up during the night. I took a few pictures and then decided to go back. We made the same quick scramble between houses, and a few minutes after we got inside, the Germans loosed a burst of machine-gun fire that hit the outside of the house. "It's not good to run around like we did," the major said; "it angers the Kraut and he wakes up the men who are trying to sleep."

THERE was little doing the rest of the day, and life in a Cassino fortress seemed pretty dull. The boys had a pin-up of Marguerite Chapman, salvaged from a beat-up British magazine. They also had a bottle of Scotch, donated by some correspondents. They'd had the bottle for a week but there was still some Scotch left. "We're saving it for a tough spot," they said. These boys have been fighting the war for three years now, so I reckon it's going to be a pretty tough spot.

While we were eating supper the Kraut threw over some stuff. "Here comes his iron rations," one soldier said to me, looking up from his stew. "He puts over a stonk every day at this time."

By this time mortar fire sounded as commonplace to me as an auto horn on a street back home. I felt perfectly safe in this temporary home.

Time wore on after supper and there was nothing to do except wait for the ration party. I sat at the entrance and made conversation with the guard. "The ration party is our only link with the outside world," he said. "They bring us our letters every day and anything we want. They had a tough job getting some rat poison we asked for."

Since the bombing of Cassino, the rats have increased in number and boldness. They feed on the dead lying in the shell holes and run all over the place at night.

I looked out the entrance and couldn't see a hundred yards in front of me. We seemed to be an island in a sea of smoke. The guard was increased; this was the time of day when most of the attacks came. Soon it was dark. There was nothing to do, so I went back in to catch a nap.

I WAS awakened by the noise of the entrance of the ration party. Now that the time had come, I was afraid to leave this safe house. I could understand now why the men never liked to go outside. We said the usual "good lucks," shook hands all around and stepped out into the darkness. The Germans had just finished a barrage, so this was the best time to leave.

Most of the men had loads of salvage on the return trip, but there was nothing for me to carry. As we were leaving the town, we heard some machine-gun fire. Looking back, I could see the faces of the men behind me reflecting the light of flares. There was mortar fire, but none came near us. I was glad I had changed my helmet; we were certainly visible to British snipers.

It had rained during the day but the sky was clear now. We kept moving, hugging the walls. In the distance the flashes of our big guns lit the sky at intervals. When we passed the spot where we had hit the dirt the previous night, the captain dropped back and showed me where a shell had landed right in the path. "It came only a few yards from the last man," he said.

The captain walked quietly beside me. Then he asked: "Do you get this kind of training in America?" The big guns were splashing the sky with angry dabs of flame. I looked back at the town, still lit by the flares, listened to the mortar shells exploding and the machine guns playing, studied the valley that the Americans had so appropriately named the Valley of the Purple Heart, and turned back to the captain.

"They didn't when I was there," I said, shaking my head, "but I sure hope they do now."

IT IS UNWISE TO WALK OUTSIDE IN DAYLIGHT, BUT SOMETIMES IT IS NECESSARY.

"STREET SCENE IN CASSINO," WROTE SGT. AARONS ABOUT THIS. FIND THE STREET.

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HOLLYWOODENHEAD. In Bougainville, S Sgt. Bill Neiswonger inspects the Empress Augusta. He carved her from teakwood. If she could only breathe!

Shorts from Everywhere

Soldier-Sailor-Marine

An Aleutian Base—Unable to rotate himself back to the States, Sgt. Edward J. Malloy of Chicago did the next best thing and worked out his own rotation system. When Malloy arrived here with an outfit of K-9 German shepherds, the Army gave him a winterized tent to live in and fed him three times a day; but the sergeant wasn't satisfied with either rations or quarters.

Picking up a rumor in the community latrine about the Navy having it better down the road a piece, Malloy—through channels, of course—worked out a deal with the Navy. He offered them the use of his surplus Army dogs, on condition that he go along to check on their handling.

Now Malloy spends only his week ends with the Army. He goes to the Navy five days at a stretch, sharing their quarters and chow, complete with paper napkins. Every other week he gets a similar deal from the Marines.

This triple allegiance, shared by Malloy with few others outside of President Roosevelt and maybe Adm. Leahy, hasn't panned out as well as he expected. Not long after the sergeant started making the rounds, his Army outfit came through with good eats and a quonset. Since then Malloy has been wondering whether it would have been smarter to stick with the rest of the dogs.

—Pfc. JOHN M. HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Correspondent

War and a Missionary

Los Negros, The Admiralties — When Chaplain Aloysius T. Diekemper of St. Louis, Mo., landed here, he was completing a journey started before the war.

A Catholic chaplain, he was headed for the Southwest Pacific to take up his work as a member of the Sacred Heart Missionary Society when the war broke out.

When Chaplain Diekemper landed with the 1st Cavalry Division, one of the first things he did was to try to learn the fate of his fellow missionaries. From the natives he learned that they had been taken to Rabaul, New Britain, more than a year ago. Now he'll have to wait for that Japanese base to be captured by Allied forces.

"I'd like to stay here after the war," he said, "and carry on my work, but I suppose I'll have to go back to the States for a discharge."

Meanwhile, between his soldiers and the natives, the chaplain is plenty busy. When they learned of his presence, the natives flocked to him with all their children who hadn't been baptized since the war started. He held a mass baptism for them recently.

—Cpl. BILL ALCINE and Cpl. RALPH BOYCE
YANK Staff Correspondents

Gazelleburgers

Northern Iran—The railroad's mountain run was long and dull, and the train crews got hungry long before they hit the terminal. Not satisfied with the Spam sandwiches supplied to tide them over, the crews raided ration supplies actually intended for the men at outlying stations. Naturally the station men decided to do something about it.

They built a small shack at the station midway between the two terminals, threw in some rations, chiseled some more from the mess sergeant and started a midway mess for the train crews. But it didn't work; the crews still preferred to raid the rations. "And why not?" said Sgt. George Hulse, an engineer. "The station men loaded that shack with their give-away stuff—carrots and peas, Vienna sausage and spinach. They weren't worth the air off the brakes it took to stop there."

Then the station men put Sgt. John Dilhomick in charge of the midway mess, and overnight the joint became as busy as a small-town barber shop on Saturday night. Dilhomick, a native of Tamaqua, Pa., who used to fire for the Reading Railroad, is strictly a romanticist.

"Back home," he says, "you'll always find a good short-order joint across the street from any railroad yard. Their food isn't fancy, but it is cooked well and there's plenty of it.

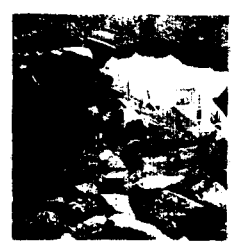
"When I took this mess over, I built a counter and some stools, got myself a blackboard and put up that good old short-order sign: 'Menu for Today.' Then I took down my Springfield, hiked through the mountains and shot two gazelles. I brought them back, mixed them with Spam and a little salt, called the mess gazelleburgers and opened for business."

Dilhomick has been busy ever since. Now he's trying to get permission to open two more joints on the railroad and then to branch over to the truck route and set up a few there.

"I want to design my joints in the form of a camel and call them 'Persian Palaces.' And after it is all over I may take my little idea back to the States. They have nutburgers, cheeseburgers, wineburgers and raisinburgers, but I bet none of them ever ate a gazelleburger."

—Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover



AMID the ruins of Cassino, YANK photographer Sgt. George Aarons turned his camera on this New Zealander on patrol. For more excellent pictures of the ruins of Cassino and Sgt. Aarons' story of his experiences there with a party of Kiwi troops attached to the Fifth Army, see pages 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover, 2, 3, 4, 5 & 6—Sgt. George Aarons. 7—Left, S Sgt. George Abraham; right, Signal Corps. 12—Upper left, Sgt. John Bushemi; lower left, Wide World; upper right, Coast Guard; center right, Signal Corps; lower right, Acme. 13—Upper left, Acme; lower left, Signal Corps; upper right & lower center, PA; center right, Sgt. Ed Cunningham; lower right, Sgt. Dick Hanley. 14—Sgt. Bushemi. 15—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 17—Upper, QMC; lower, Acme. 18—Upper, Signal Corps, Camp Ellis, Ill.; lower, Brooks Field, Tex. 19—Upper, Gowen Field, Idaho; center left, Signal Corps, Camp Campbell, Ky.; center right, Signal Corps, Fort Bragg, N. C.; lower, PRO, Camp Roberts, Calif. 20—Hal McAlpin, for United Artists. 23—Upper, Sgt. Bill Young; lower, INP.

Two Hours' Notice

South Pacific—After almost two years in New Caledonia and the Solomons, 1st Sgt. Romeo Pendleton, veteran Field Artillery top kick, was sent back to the States in a cadre from his outfit. He was complaining because headquarters gave him two hours' notice to get ready to leave.

"How that hour and 55 minutes dragged until those trucks came," he said.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

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GIs meet the ex-cannibals

A British District Officer talks about the natives with an American correspondent at tea time.

These Solomon Island natives don't hunt heads any more. They are too busy trading grass skirts and eggs for American soap, Spam and peroxide.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

MALAITA, THE SOLOMON ISLANDS — Mikaele, his loins draped in a skirtlike *lap-lap* and his aged head sporting a GI fatigue hat, smiled self-consciously as he exploded the myth that visitors to cannibal tribes always wind up in pots of boiling water. Mikaele knows different; he was there, as a child, when his village had its last helping of biped steak. "Cook on hot stone," said Mikaele.

And if you want to know any more about it, the old man told us as he took time out from a New Zealand Army-camp work detail, ask Baalabu. "His father," Mikaele said, "cooked him."

Cifas, head man of the other native work gang, observed that the best parts of a man (so he had heard) were the biceps, the thighs and the shoulder blades. "Belly," said Cifas, "not good." And what about the hips? Cifas shook his head. "This part I've never heard good news about."

In another village on this island of Malaita, about 15 years ago, there occurred what was probably the last case of cannibalism in any of the once ravenous Solomons. One of the chiefs made a present of "fresh meat" to a white trader, who received it gratefully because of the shortage of that item. But when the trader unwrapped the banana leaves covering the meat, he gazed on some unfortunate colleague's forearm.

The chief's offering did not wind up on the trader's table, but at least one white resident of these islands recalls uncomfortably a meal where a similar item did get on the menu. Father John Coicaud, a Catholic missionary in the Solomons for 30 years, was invited to a native feast soon after he arrived in the islands. Unusually tasty pork, he complimented the chief at the end of the feast. That, said the chief, was where the missionary was wrong.

More recently, when a group of marines landed on the lonely southwest corner of Guadalcanal, they found some placid-looking residents of the area who readily agreed to serve as a work gang. This region was the same one where the lost crew of the good ship *Wanderer* reportedly vanished into local digestive tracts 90 years earlier, and somehow the rumor started that the reason the neighborhood joes were so affable was that they had just eaten a cast-off wife of the chief's and "couldn't eat another thing." Actually the last cannibalism in the section had occurred more than a generation before. But the marines refused to hit the sack that night until sentries were posted.

Nowadays the preaching of the missionaries and the British Government's practice of executing head-hunters and cannibals has pretty well stamped out the fierce custom. The last reported case of head-hunting took place four years ago on Bougainville, 17 miles from the American beachhead at Empress Augusta Bay. Natives nearest to British control stations like Tulagi, set up 50 years ago, had to cut out the gory high jinks first. Later, aided by enthusiastic native volunteer "police boys," who look more GI with their bayonets than most yardbirds at Saturday-morning inspection, the British spread their paternal authority into the farthest hills.

GIs in the Solomons have a genuine affection for the islands' lightly clad permanent party, but it has nothing to do with romance.

T-5 Dallon Oberg of Baggs, Wyo., motor mechanic in an Antiaircraft Artillery battalion on Florida Island, warned me: "Don't put in anything about these pretty South Sea Island women, because there ain't any. Yes sir, they're about the ugliest things I ever seen."

Oberg and the other GIs are certainly in a position to judge, because most of the local talent wears nothing north of the waist, and in some parts of the Malaita bush nobody wears anything at all. The British Government does not encourage clothing because pneumonia and skin diseases have broken out following its introduction in some areas. On Bougainville the government has forbidden local men to cover their chests.

One reason that the natives have won GI regard is their admiration for things American, from camp movies to articles of dress. When we arrived by flying boat at a spot on Malaita visited by few white men before, a somber old relic of cannibal days, wearing a sun-tan overseas cap pulled on backwards down over his ears, paddled out in a high-sterned canoe. At Tambogago, Chief Patrick, barefoot "No. 1 man" ruling 1,400 natives in 17 villages, came out to welcome us. He wore a Navy skivvy shirt, blue dungaree shorts and a battered gray felt hat that might have belonged to a Maine woods angler.

Yanks also like the natives because they're not afraid of a good day's work. "On Tulagi," Oberg said, "the natives act as stevedores, moving boxes. One native is better than 10 GIs. A GI is always goldbricking, a native keeps working."

The natives like the Americans, too. A Negro welfare specialist in the Seabees, Oliver T. Davis,

What are your wishes for the post-war world? Would you like to have anything changed here?

TIGI: No like anything here. We no got good clothes. I like to go to school. I want to learn to speak English because Marines come and they don't understand very good. After war I like to go the United States, go America. Like go big boat. Want to go and see big houses, big place. We like house we see in movin' pictures.

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tells of one Malaitan who announced excitedly: "I saved an American, I saved an American. I heard a plane come down. I went out and I said: 'Jap or American?' If he said Jap I'd hit him with ax, go back."

YANKS and natives have had a fine time trying to outtrade each other. Elton (Pug) Caudle SF1c of San Angelo, Tex., an early arrival, was among the first to make the sensational discovery that members of the ex-cannibal tribes are wild about Spam. For a can of Spam, he found that he could get a shield, a war club, a mahogany cane inlaid with mother of pearl, a carved wooden comb, a bow and 15 arrows or a spear.

Caudle also found that the natives crave white men's clothes, even though they are generally seminude. For a Navy skivvy shirt (35 cents in the ship's store), a pair of cotton underdrawers (same price) and a pair of Navy blue denim pants cut off at the knee (worn for eight months; price when new, $1.10), he received the following canoeful in trade: two grass skirts, five pineapples, four papayas, a native cane, 40 to 50 "cat's eyes" (colorful snail stones used to make rings), 30 to 40 pounds of sea shells and 200 bananas.

Soon the natives caught on. "They think you're trying to gyp them," said T-5 Daniel De Santis of Chicago, "and they wind up gypping you." When GIs started to outbid each other, the natives promptly made the highest offer their minimum price.

The native grapevine quoted latest prices as quickly as a stock-exchange ticker tape. Grass skirts went from 50 cents to $5, canes from $1 to $5 or $10, war clubs and combs from 50 cents to $5 or $10, pineapples from 10 cents to $1, eggs from 35 cents a dozen to $1, a stalk of 60 bananas from 50 cents to $1.50, and "cat's eyes" from a nickel to 75 cents or a dollar.

Actually the natives think they are charging four or five times too much, but since the Americans are willing to pay, who are they to object? A plantation laborer in the Solomons makes only $5 a month, so that a native who can get $5 for a war club, which has taken him three days to carve, is receiving 10 times the local wage scale.

There's only one hitch in the amazing business schemes of the natives: they don't know what to do with the currency they've been collecting by the fistful. In fact, they'd much prefer a third or a fourth of the price if paid in barter. There are few stores in the islands where the natives can spend cash. As a result, several of them at Vera-Na-Aso on Guadalcanal buried their money, and now they can't remember where. At Wana Wana, one tribe of former head-hunters now has a cigar box full of $5 and $10 bills.

Chief Patrick and his son Jackson on Florida Island.

Twenty cents worth of soap is usually as well received as a dollar bill. Mattress covers and bed sheets (used instead of callico, no longer available, for *lap-laps*), cots, mattresses, pipes, tobacco, axes, knives, ice water, Bibles and peroxide are also preferred to cash. GIs often present the ardently Christian natives with free Bibles. As for peroxide, it has been popular as a hair dye ever since the natives at Visale on Guadalcanal got some from the medics; until then, the fashionable thing was to dye black hair orange with lime and salt water.

BESIDES new ideas on trading, the Yanks have learned a lot from the natives. Some of the most important lessons have been architectural.

Unshaded GI tents sizzle in the Torrid Zone heat at midday and the canvas soon cracks, letting in plenty of rain in the almost daily downpours. Stone houses crumble in the frequent earthquake tremors, and lumber is scarce. There is only a limited supply of quonset huts.

Men in one ack-ack battery on Aro Hill, Florida Island, called their camp "Withering Heights," until they learned to imitate the native huts—thatch shacks of sago palm leaf, bamboo and hard woods like the trunk of the betel-nut palm. Now the whole outfit lives in similar structures, and there are hundreds of thatch mess halls, barracks, CPs and chapels throughout the rest of the islands. The huts are always cool, never leak and withstand every earthquake.

Other native tricks the GIs admire are the ability to waterproof plank canoes with gum from the local tita nut, to catch bonita and kingfish without any tackle, and to get a jag on by chewing a mixture of betel nut, pepper leaf and lime from cooked coral that will make you pass out after an hour and feel light-headed for days.

In turn, the natives have learned from their visitors. At Tambogago, ancient wooden instruments are still used to grind and prepare food, but above them on the leaf walls of the huts hang American and Jap mess kits adopted by the half-clad housewives of the village as cooking pots. In Chief Patrick's thatch hut, war clubs lie side by side with a safety razor, a spool of thread, a 12-inch ruler and a can of tooth paste.

"When new fashion comes, take away old fashion," said Patrick as his naked 5-year-old son Jackson coughed on a cigarette. Seminude Lise Tagaha, the chief's wife, calmly puffed her pipe, while her 3-year-old daughter Salome hid under a GI mosquito bar, dragging on an empty pipe.

At Maravovo on Guadalcanal, Army blankets are spread on the thin ground mats, made of woven thatch, which were all the natives had as beds until the Yanks came. At Visale, Paulo's grass house boasts five GI cots and a board floor.

When an F4F crashed on the northeast coast of Florida Island, natives wrapped the pilot in the village's only blanket—a GI one. Then the medics came from Tulagi and rushed the pilot, whose leg was broken, to a hospital. The village was heartbroken at the loss of the blanket. A hasty message to the medics from the local marines brought its return.

Despite their hard-headed trading, the natives have also demonstrated a lavish generosity toward the Americans. Tulagi natives sent 60 war clubs to a Red Cross auction and threw in some cash that brought their gift to more than $200. At Visale, natives raised $1,200 for the welfare of the Yanks, who, however, declined the gift.

Many natives plan to use their present savings to get married. Local custom calls for a cash payment by the bridegroom to the bride's parents. In some villages the dowry runs up to $200, but at Tambogago it is $32. John, one of the Tambogago swains, who wears a size 7¼ overseas cap on a size 6½ head, says he has enough money now but intends to make a little more hay as a Navy orderly before tying himself down to a little grass shack with his Lee-lee-an.

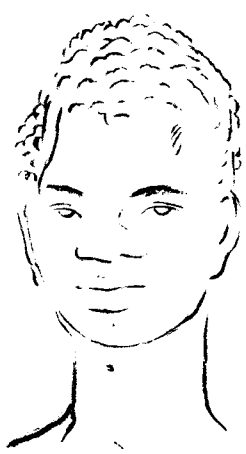
Natives paddle over to trade with some visiting Yanks.

Plenty of natives want to go to the States after the war ends, according to John Dutrow S2c of Oakland, Calif. One Floridian, only 20, has saved $157 already to pay for the trip, and even Chief Patrick, with all his 17 villages, says he would like to go on "long walkabout (big boat) to America." Few, however, are likely to realize these ambitions because of British restrictions of native travel and U. S. immigration laws.

Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh interviews some friends

Do they do any more head-hunting here? Do you like to kill people?

TUKA: Native here used to head-hunt. No more. I no like kill my people, only Japs. I killum one Jap. Killed him Marine bayonet. Native boy like American guns. See M1, Reising gun, too-me gun, pees-tole, .03. Reising gun best. Very quick. B-r-r-r-r.



What do you like about American life as you see it in the movies?

DUGA (aged 9): Like American women and American children. Like to see in American pictures they run all over the house. House is very big, lots of people. Big place to run in. American women wearum clothes, children wearum shoes. Very nice.

Do you like American women in movies? Like white hair or black?

SURU: Likkum white hair (blond). American women very nice, wearum good clothes. Very nice! Native women no wear clothes. Native boy likkum women wear clothes. Native women want wear clothes all time, not get any.

How do you like the American soldier? Does he treat you well?

GUNNITH: All native like Americans. They're good to native people. They give us food, clothes. They give us all we need—knife, flashlight. No like Japs. Japs no good. When Japs come they kill some native boys. Marines come, kill all Japs.

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YANK SHORT-STORY CONTEST WINNER

Fifty Missions

By Pvt. JOSEPH DEVER

I AM on my way to see my girl in Boston, and it has been a long time. It has been 26 months since I said good-bye to her in Boston.

Fifty missions always seemed incredible to me. How could anyone ever come back to the States after 50 missions? How could anyone step off a DC-4 in East Boston and quietly take a taxicab to the Hotel Statler after having been over Europe 50 times?

I'm doing it, though; I'm home in Boston. And I'm not being sentimental when I say that it's damned good to be here.

I'm just like them now; I mean the gunners I knew at armament school—the exotic GIs with 50 missions, with their wings, their rainbow service ribbons, their medals and the quiet, easy way they had about them. They'd say: "You'll get your chance, kid." "Yeah, it's kinda rough up there." I wanted some day to be wordless, humble and friendly with other eager kids the way the gunners were with me. How far away it all seemed then: 50 missions, the ribbons and the quiet, easy manner.

And now I'm riding through East Boston; I'm just like they were. I know a hell of a lot of things, but I would rather turn my face away and ask about your brother John who is in the ASTP. I know what flak is now. I know how a gunner can make a chapel out of the Sperry lower ball; I know that he can pray with rich eloquence. I know what the enemy looks like. There is also, of course, the blood fleck, the mother-mercy-calling and the blubbering, steel-given death of the nice guys who were hilariously drunk with you just a few nights before.

And now I'm looking at Boston. My taxi driver is a maniac at the wheel, as all taxi drivers are. He is doing 47 miles an hour through this big-city street. On a street in Berlin he would listen for the menacing wail of the air-raid sirens.

"This is it," the Boston taxi driver says.

I get out, I pay him, I walk into a beautiful, thick-rugged Boston hotel, and I get a room.

It is a room on the seventh floor. My stuff is all unpacked, and I stand by a window looking out. I stand looking out at downtown Boston, and I see only the white face of a nun.

My girl Jane is a nun now. We were going to be married, but something struck her, some kind of spiritual ack-ack, I guess. And now she's gone off and become a nun.

She's here in Boston now, in some kind of a cloister, and I'm on my way to see her. I figured the 50 missions wouldn't let me see her again, I was almost sure of it, but here I am in Boston looking out a window.

The Copley Plaza is over that way. And on the other side of it, about four stories high and facing Copley Square and the Boston Public Library, there is a little marble balcony. The night of my college senior prom I threw highball glasses into the square. I liked to hear the tinkling clatter of the glass against the cobbles, and I wanted to do it again and again.

"Jay, come inside," was all Jane had said.

I went inside; I loved her greatly, more than even the sound of breaking glass, and I always did what she said.

And over there to the right is Beacon Hill. We liked that place very much. When I was a feather merchant, Jane and I used to walk all over it in the blackout. We knew all the places—the quaint, cobbled, snaky alleys, the huddled coffee nooks, the little barny theaters where you could see Philip Barry's plays for 20 cents, the H. M. Pulham doorways with the white marble steps and the shiny brass door plates. We used to sit in those doorways at midnight, on our way home; I used to kiss her there a lot. We'd pretend we were locked out, and sometimes we'd yell loudly for Nana or Jeeves. If anybody came to the door we'd jump to our feet and run like scared rabbits all the way down

This prize-winning story in YANK's fiction contest for GIs all over the world tells about a gunner who did not want to come home from the war.

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the hill to the Charles Street elevated station.

And there, across the Charles River, is Cambridge. That's where I used to live; that's where Jane lived. Our playground's there, too.

IN the summertime Jane and I worked on the playground. She was my boss, and Christ, did we have a time. There was a big brick schoolhouse called the Peary. There was a playground in back of it, a sun-baked macadam rectangle, and there were kids, hundreds of kids, from the stinking Cambridge tenements.

She wouldn't say a thing when I'd come in, maybe an hour and a half late. Sometimes she'd pretend she was peeved and go on with her jigsaw project. She'd sit there in the sun wearing a colossal straw bonnet, and she'd prattle merrily but exclusively to the little girls who were gathered busily about her feet.

I'd keep teasing her. I'd hit a softball out to my outfielders from a place right near her; I'd make the ball roll right over to her sometimes and in retrieving it I'd get myself all tangled up in her and the jigsaw plywood animals she and the girls were making. After a while she would burst out laughing and come after me with a bat, a shrill chorus of girl voices urging her on.

It was on the playground that I really became infected with the planes. The P-38s would go over at about 8,000, and I'd stand down there by shortstop and crane my neck until the planes were little silver winks way out to the west.

I never knew about Jane leaving me then, but I did know that someday I was going to be up there in a plane.

About 4:30 in the afternoon we'd quit for the day and lock up. That was when Jane and I played our own little game. I'd go in the front door of the school and she'd go in the back. We'd both slam the doors and run quickly towards each other till we met.

I'd take her in my arms, then I'd kiss her hair, her eyes, her lips and the very tip of her nose. I'd hold her close in my arms and we'd talk about being married and having a place of our own; we'd wonder what our children would look like and if they'd be scampering off to a playground like the Peary every day.

Then the kids would start banging on the door and hollering for us to come out. We'd kiss a few times more and walk innocently out to them. They used to escort us part of the way home, and they never said a thing about the kissing, even though they knew, as all kids know, even when you think they do not.

That was the way it was. It was a good way to be living and loving. Now it is all changed.

WELL, anyway, I am going out to the convent to see her. It is a place called Mission Hill, which is in Roxbury. Roxbury's a part of Boston and only a short ride from the hotel.

A girl who used to double-date with Jane and me wrote to me when I was in England. She said she'd seen Jane and that Jane told her to tell me that if I ever got back to the States I was to be sure and make a visit to the convent. I wrote to the girl and said I would.

I am in a taxi again, riding very fast along Huntington Avenue. The Museum of Fine Arts is on the right. I used to look at the statues of naked women in there when I was a kid.

The taxi climbs up Mission Hill, and the convent is at the top. It is red brick with a red-brick wall around it. It is low and quadrangular, and there are those cylindrical clay shingles all over its roof and on the top of the brick wall.

I ring the front-door bell. You only ring once in a convent because that ring, however slight, is amplified by the silence and the distance that fills the inside of a cloister until the ring becomes something like an echoing clap of thunder.

A little nun lets me in. I ask for Jane. Jane's nun name is Sister Felicitas. I pretend I don't notice, but I see the little nun who let me in eat up the gunner's wings and the service ribbons. I go into the parlor and wait. There is always a large wall clock in this kind of parlor, and it always says: "Wait, wait, wait." It says this over and over again. You hear a door softly open and softly close way off in a cool interminable distance. You know then someone is coming.

Jane comes into the parlor.

She is just as I pictured she'd be. Her face is white, her eyes are sparkling blue pools of goodness and mischief, the backs of her hands have little red and creamy blotches as though she does a lot of dishes and scrubs a lot of floors.

She is all swaddled up as I was afraid she'd be, wound in endless and oppressive reams of black cloth; she wears a tremendous white starched collar and a black veil over her head. But she is my Jane all right, she is my Jane.

She stands in the middle of the room and looks right at me for about a minute.

"Hello, Jane," I say.

She doesn't say a thing. She walks over to me and takes hold of both my hands; she comes up as close to me as a nun ever can and squeezes both my hands until they sting.

She stays close to me that way for what seems a long time; she eases the pressure on my hands and looks strongly at me so I can see that everything is there just as it had always been: all the love and the light and the music are there for me in just the way they used to be, and even though these things are God's now, I can somehow see and know they are still mine, too.

"Oh, Jay," she says, and her eyes are a little wet, "I'm so very, very glad to see you. Let me look at you."

SHE steps away from me, and I notice that her step, although as light and graceful as ever, is now a swish instead of the swirl that it had once been. A girl has become a nun; an elfin skirt has become a ponderous petticoat.

"My, what a handsome soldier you are! You know, I've never seen you in your uniform before. And the wings, and the ribbons. Jay, you're really a man now, aren't you!"

"Am I, Jane?" I gulp, fumbling desperately for words. "Wasn't I one before?" I finally ask.

"Of course you were," she says, "but you were a boy's man then, Jay. You're a man's man now. The kind I always knew you'd be. But come, let's sit down."

We sit down in separate, straight-backed wooden chairs. The chairs are cold, unyielding symbols of poverty, chastity and obedience. We sit in them a while and, although she does not come right out and say it, I think she wants me to talk.

But I don't want to talk. I want to be with her, to be near her, to hear her voice and watch her eyes. I want to sit with Sister Felicitas and think about my Jane.

She kind of guesses that I don't want to talk.

She says she likes it here; she has prayed for me night and day; she is happy teaching fourth grade to the little Roxbury urchins; she is proud of me and tells the little kids in her class stories about me all the time; she has read everything in the Cambridge *Clarion* which someone sent her, and she doesn't care if I never utter so much as a syllable about airplanes.

I have not changed greatly, she says; the wonder and the impudence are still in my face; my eyes have a distance in them that wasn't there before; I'm not as loquacious but—"Glory," she says, "things have happened!"

I have had enough of looking at her. I begin to ache for her like when I was across. I begin to want her in my arms, and I know that it is time for me to go.

I say I have to be going. We stand up. She looks at me a while and takes both my hands; she makes them sting again.

"What happens now, Jay?" she asks.

"They're sending me out to Denver as an armament instructor. I don't want to go, but you just go, that's all.

"Well, I guess this is good-bye, Jane," I stammer. "I hope you'll be very happy, kid." She hasn't heard me call her "kid" for a long time.

I turn to go.

"Wait," she says quickly. "Come in the chapel with me, Jay, and we'll say a prayer together. It's down here."

We walk down the hall toward the chapel.

"You can leave me inside," she whispers when we are about to enter the chapel. "You can go out the front door of the chapel and into the street."

She hesitates a little, then she says quietly: "I love you, Jay; I'll always love you and I'll pray for you constantly, all the days of my life."

She turns away swiftly and moves into a pew about three yards from me. She begins to pray.

I kneel down and I pray, too. I tell God I am sorry for not wanting to come back from 50 missions; I thank Him for bringing me back even though I had not wanted to come. I say three Hail Marys. I take a long look at Jane. I genuflect and walk out of the chapel and into the street.

THREE GAGS FROM NEW GUINEA

By Cpl. OZZIE ST. GEORGE

"That's the new mess sergeant—dehydrated."

"I see Hogan is meeting the new [illegible]"

"They haven't [illegible] months and [illegible]"

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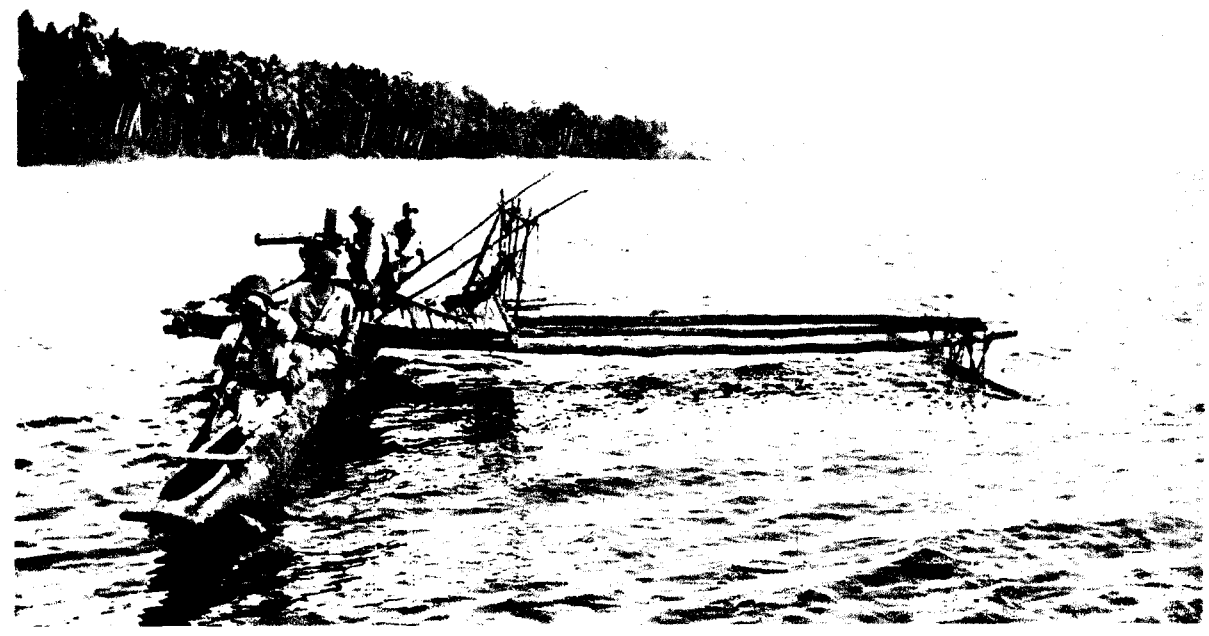
He's not exactly a member of the U. S. Army but the nearest thing to it. This native boy joined the chow line on Kwajalein to try GI food.

In exchange for some sittin' comfort, Coast Guard Coxswain John F. Bonistalli gives his Eskimo hostess a light. It's in the Far North where Coast Guardsmen ride patrol boats.



The U. S. Army borrowed something from the natives with this one. A reconnaissance patrol operates along the coast of New Britain in an outrigger canoe on the lookout for Japanese movements. The craft mounts a .30-caliber machine gun.

That title, plus the identification on Lynn Baggett's midriff, means that an AAA Bn. at Camp Haan, Calif., got in its bid ahead of every other branch in the Army. And was accepted.

SEABEE BRAWL. These Navy Seabees didn't call each other dirty names; they're just training at Camp Parks, Calif., to knife some Japs. They're trying to keep their tempers for later when it won't be fun.

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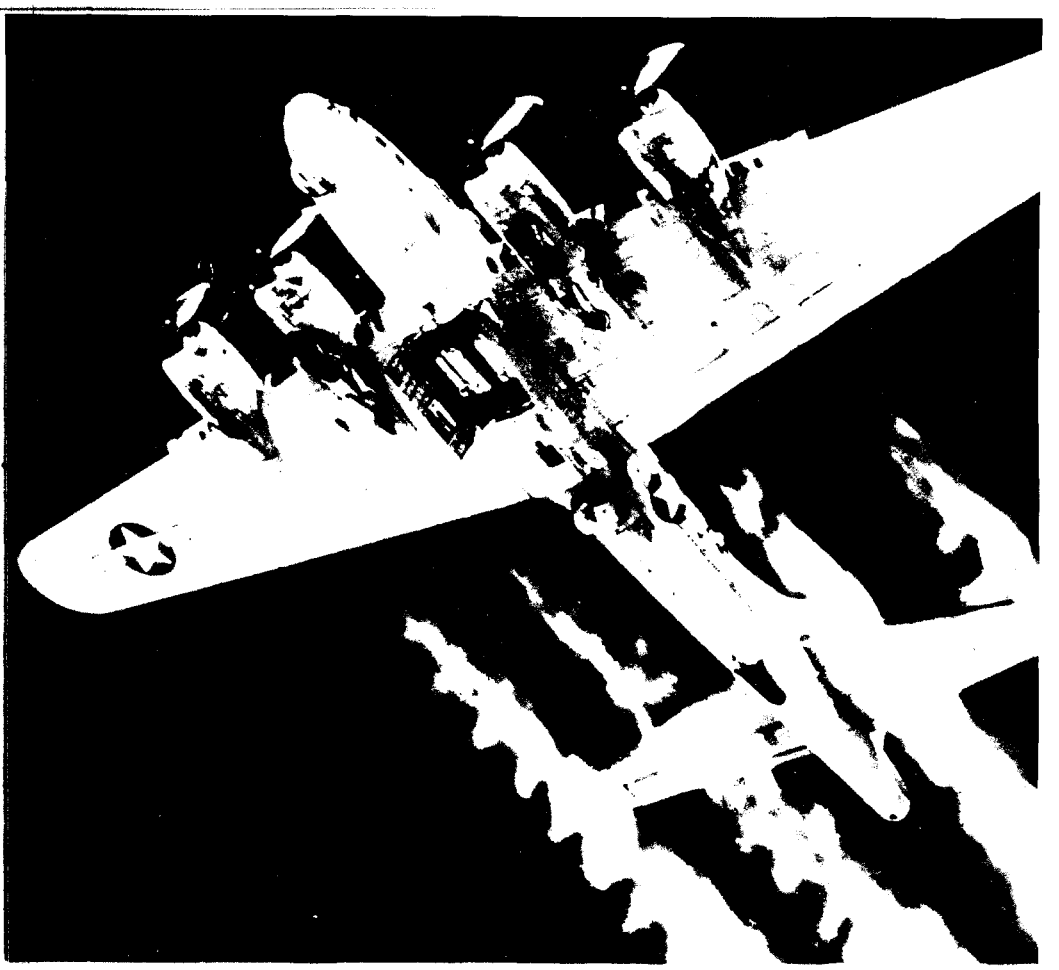
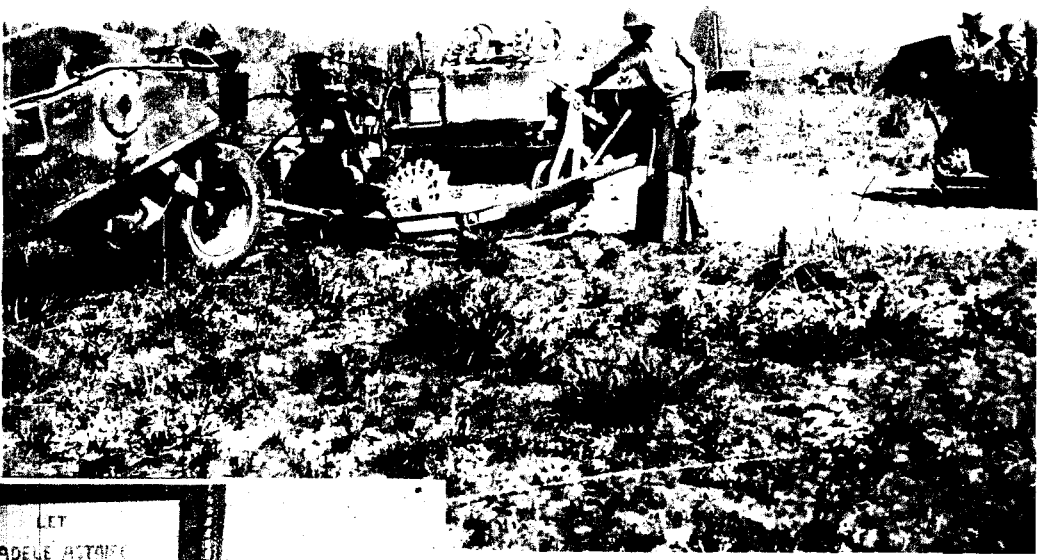
Show

AS OF THE WORLD

A DREAM WALKING. This disciple of Terpsichore, who the dictionary says was the muse of dancing, is Irina Baronova. She's slated to star in a Hollywood film based on Pavlova's life.



The camera caught a cluster of bombs hanging in the open bomb-day doors of a Flying Fortress just before they were released over Germany. Just another aerial free-delivery present for the Nazis.



U.S. glider force landing behind Jap lines in Burma brought "baby" machines to build airfields.

SOCK TO ASTER. Up on Kiska Island in the Aleutians, Pfc. W. B. Roebuck got his feet wet and is remedying the situation.

Lady Cavendish, who used to dance with her brother Fred as Adele Astaire, helps GIs to write letters at the Red Cross Club in London.

THE MAKE. Step up and meet Pfc. Ernest (Johnny) Jump, whose destiny it was to be a New Guinea paratrooper.

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MAIL CALL

Returning Veterans (Cont.)

Dear YANK:
I see several letters in YANK from returned war veterans kicking about the treatment received upon return to the States. I returned as a patient, after 15 months of the Pacific. Naturally I know a good many other patients and a few soldiers who returned on rotation. I have not yet seen one single instance of a soldier or officer getting a decent break after arriving in the States. But I have seen war veterans aplenty kicked from pillar to post. . . .

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Lt. ORVILLE G. GOODRICH

Dear YANK:
We, the vets of Guadalcanal, New Georgia, Rendova, Tunisia, El Guettar, Sicily and Salerno, who have returned to the U. S., are being treated not only as lepers but as undesirables. . . .

Fort Bragg, N. C. —VETS

Dear YANK:
. . . Why do the men that have fought everything from mosquitoes the size of a turkey to a damn Jap have to come back to the States and be run around by a bunch of eight-balls that came in the Army less than 18 months ago? Why can't we take a break? The lot of us that came back to the States are very much discouraged. We'd much rather be back fighting than here at this "concentration camp" for a so-called "rest."

Camp Pinedale, Calif. —T-5 H. J. KING

Dear YANK:
. . . After arriving at a California port of debarkation Christmas morning I was pulling KP Christmas Day. KP, after serving 38 months in the South Pacific. Plenty nasty, isn't it? And may I ask why in the hell are things like that permitted? . . . .

Fort Jackson, S. C. —Cpl. CHARLES W. PHILLIPS*
*Signed also by Pvts. Howard Guiner and Alex Zuiszley.

Dear YANK:
. . . I spent almost 2½ years overseas, I was wounded once and returned to my unit after two months' convalescence, and I have never been with any service or noncombatant unit (although I guess someone must). Last October I flew back here and by now I have almost become accustomed to the prevailing attitude. . . . We felt that we would have a chance to pass on a few of the lessons we had learned. Since our arrival at our new units we have had no more opportunity to do this than if we'd enlisted yesterday. The types and methods of training now in progress are the same as those we underwent two and three years ago (*before* we first went into actual combat). We found out just how wrong we had been in certain things, and for each thing we learned we paid for in full. Yet, instead of taking advantage of an opportunity to learn these lessons before entering combat, the units continue to completely ignore what we have proved. . . .

Carolina Beach, N. C. —Pvt. R. L. SCHEINMAN

Dear YANK:
Wonderful! Bloody well lovely! Bicycling, bowling, golfing, skeet, trapshoot, swimming, horseback riding, sports galore and dancing, too; at the Ambassador Hotel, too, all for nothing. Well, I think your Sgt. Mack Morriss [in an article in a March issue of YANK on the AAF Redistribution Stations] is a damned liar, and I'll continue to say so until this paradise he talks about has been proven to me and over 150 other guys that returned with me and all the GIs that are returnees that didn't get in on some of that paradise. Buddies in the Southwest Pacific, lend me your eyes. Your first stop back home will be Angel Island. There you'll be searched, cussed out, snubbed, paid in a sweat line and get a 20-day delay en route to Santa Ana, Calif., with no travel time. . . . All this stuff you read in papers, magazines and weeklies, like YANK, that looks good to the public eye about this paradise—being sent near your home, given the job you can do and like best, something you're experienced in—is a lot of horse manure. It's nice to think about, though. Especially when a guy like Morriss dreams it one night and writes it the next day as a reality. . . . Well, what about it, YANK? Do we get an explanation and proof of this paradise Morriss dreams about?

Hereford AAF, Ariz. —Cpl. WILLIAM P. BAKER

■ For explanation and proof of the facts in Sgt. Mack Morriss' article on AAF Redistribution Stations, read the following letter:

Dear YANK:
I spent 46 months overseas and on my return to the U. S. I was sent to AAF Redistribution Station No. 2 at Miami Beach, Fla. Well, my hat is off to Gen. Arnold and Col. Hill there for the swell job that they have done. I have never run into anything like that in this Army before. It really makes the song "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones" all wet, because we had private rooms, telephones, innerspring mattresses and no formations. We also had a private swimming pool.

Alexandria AAF, La. —Cpl. JOHN L. MORTON

Bonita Granville

Dear YANK:
In a March issue of YANK there appeared a letter from a Miss Bonita Granville stating that Lt. Wade would be highly indignant if he knew that he had been called a private. Why the hell would Lt. Wade be so indignant at being called a private, or is the socially inclined Miss Granville indignant at the prospect of being associated with a private?

Garden City AAF, Kans. —Highly Inaignant Private*
*Signed by Pvt. J. Drury.

Dear YANK:
. . . If [Lt. Wade] is, as his appearance shows, a clean-cut, intelligent young man, he naturally would be surprised at Miss Granville's insinuation that being called a private would hurt his dignity. . . .

The Aleutians —Pvt. J. A. PIGEON

Dear YANK:
. . . Unfortunately I used the word "indignant" when referring to Lt. Wade's feelings if he knew they were calling him "private." This started a barrage of letters from soldiers accusing me of belittling the noncommissioned men in the service. It's not easy to take these accusations, especially when they are so untrue. I am sure that the thousands of men I met on a recent camp and hospital tour would testify in my behalf. At any rate, I'm sorry if my letter was misunderstood and perhaps I used the wrong word, but believe me there is nothing I can do for any soldier, commissioned or noncommissioned, that can make up in any way what he is doing for me and the rest of us.

New York, N. Y. —BONITA GRANVILLE

Sequel

Dear YANK:
Some time ago I entered a letter-writing contest in your magazine. My letter was to Tojo, if you can remember. I won one of your prizes, which was a year's subscription to your magazine. . . . I just thought that I would write and let you know that I am carrying out my threat about hunting Tojo down. I am now in the South Pacific and hot on his trail, and I hope that I will be able to write you from Tokyo in the near future.

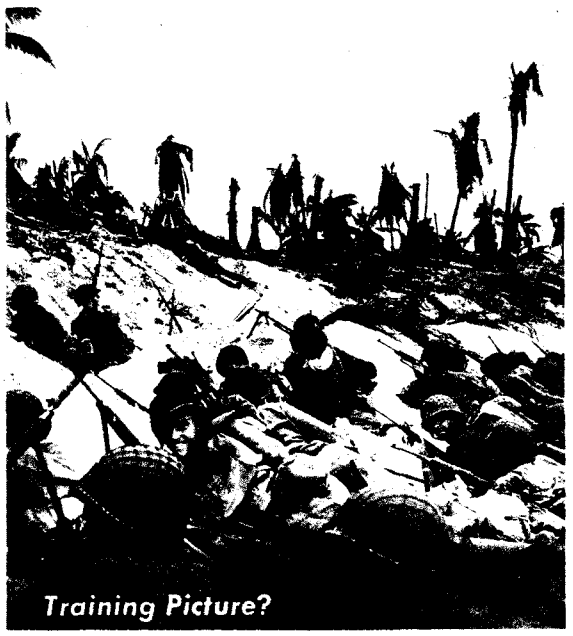
Guadalcanal —Sgt. J. E. WILLIAMS

Ted Williams

Dear YANK:
. . . I certainly do feel terribly sorry for our very valuable asset to baseball, one Ted Williams. He certainly must have had an awful close call when he nearly took off with his wing flaps lowered [as reported in the *Sport Service Record* of a February issue]! But dammit! Why do they allow such writings to get into such a fine publication? . . . Anyone that has flown at all knows that there are several planes that actually take off better *with* flaps, and *any* plane can take off with flaps. . . .

Britain —Lt. GEORGE C. ARNOLD

■ Looks as if YANK was caught with its flaps down, too. Queried concerning proper Navy technique for take-offs, Lewis F. Davis, superintendent of the instructors' school at the New Orleans NAS, replied in part: "In general, the statement that any pilot taking off with flaps down will probably crack up is technically false."



Training Picture?

Dear YANK:
Just finished reading a March edition of YANK and was going to put it to "distribution" when I noticed the cover for the first time. We've had so much crammed at us about camouflage it certainly struck me funny. Right there in the center of the picture is a so-called soldier ready to "go over the top" (as it looks from here), and what's that we spy? Either a GI towel, bath, M1, or he'd just stopped the war for a quick change of drawers!
I suppose the Japs wouldn't pay any attention to something nice and white flittin' through the brush, but "that ain't the way I heerd it." I just finished reading a bulletin put out by CWS on camouflage, showing how to darken your equipment before the big push, taking the shine out of the rifle and bayonet and "stuff like that there." Evidently the boys in the picture just don't believe in CWS bulletins or else the bulletins are plain GI bunk. What's the deal? Is that picture from the actual invasion of Eniwetok, or was it taken on some South Pacific isle that long ago has ceased to be in the news and is now being used for the training in invasion tactics?

Fort Warren, Wyo. —T/Sgt. CARL R. NELSON

■ The white patches were for identification purposes, worn to distinguish American soldiers from Japs when the fighting made it difficult to know friend from foe. The picture was not taken at a training base but on the beach at Eniwetok. Sgt. John Bushemi, the YANK photographer who took the picture, was fatally wounded one hour after he made it.

Smokeless Powder

Dear YANK:
We here in this area have been wondering why both the Japs and Germans have smokeless powder while we do not. If you have ever been fired upon by a sniper [the writer's outfit fought at Makin.—Ed.] you will realize what a terrific advantage it is to the enemy and that it would most certainly help us in the same way. We know that we have the best rifle in the world, but with the powder we are using your position is given away. . . .

Central Pacific —Pvt. RICHARD S. HURD

■ It is true that the Japs are using smokeless powder, but there are no indications that the Germans are using it to any great extent. Because the Jap rifle must be fired at fairly close range to be effective, the use of smokeless powder is important to the Nips. Moreover, sniping is primarily a defensive tactic, and the Japs, needless to point out, are concentrating on defense. Smokeless powder tends to corrode and, therefore, to dissolve the bore of the gun more rapidly. It also provides less initial velocity. Because the U. S. rifleman is trained to fire at greater distances than any other soldier in the world, initial velocity and length of life for his rifle are particularly important to him. Basic American strategy is conceived on the basis of attack, and the U. S. Army has never been overly impressed with the use of smokeless powder by GI snipers.

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

B. JIMMY BARCLAY, once in Cl. 28, 767 Tech. Sch. Sq., Buckley Field, Colo.: write Pfc. Gene A. Jolly. . . . GEORGE BASS, at Air Corps Tech. Sch., Fort Logan, Colo., June-Nov. '41: write S/Sgt. Don Guthrie. . . . Pfc. CHARLY BAURLAND, Med. Corps, Africa: write Billy C. West EM2c. . . . AL BEDNER, USN: write Frank Gardner CSF. . . . Pvt. LELAND H. BORMAN, last at Panama: write Pvt. Harold Bisom. . . . Sgt. SIDNEY L. BROWN, once at 315th Sch. Sq., Sheppard Field, Tex.: write 1st Sgt. George F. Fuller. . . . WARD BRYANT, once at APG, Aberdeen, Md.: write T-4 Robert E. Ahlhaus. . . . Pvt. JOHN BURKHART, once at Camp Croft, S. C.: write Pfc. Robert Grumbine. . . . Pvt. THOMAS A. BYRD of Shawnee, Okla.: write Pfc. R. D. Booth.

C. Pvt. JOSEPH CAMPBELL of New York, N. Y.: write your brother, T-5 James E. Campbell. . . . Pfc. FRANK CATANZANO, once with Hq. Co., 1st Bn., 101st Inf.: write Sgt. Sam Greenfelt. . . . T-4 ARNOLD COPELAND, once with Hq. Co., 4th EAUTC, March Field, Calif.: write T/Sgt. D. E. McClellan. . . . CHARLES C. COURTNEY, once with 4th Obsn. Sq.: write Cpl. James Lester Campbell. . . . BILL CROCKETT, last in 9th QM TR. Co. K, Camp Lee, Va.: write Russell L. Randolph. . . . Pvt. DOUGLAS C. CURRENT, AAA, SWPA: write Pfc. R. D. Lyons. . . . Pvt. Roy Cyr, once at Atlanta Ord. Sch.: write Pvt. Phil Grass.

F. Pfc. L. M. FAMESTAD, once in Band, 132 Engr. Regt., Fort Dix, N. J.: write Sgt. T. Ralph Alexander. . . . NATHANIEL EUGENE FANNING of San Francisco: write your brother, Pfc. R. H. Fanning Jr. . . . SAM FEIDLER, Seabees: write Howard T. Mango. . . . Cpl. C. JACK FLETCHER, once a radio instructor at Sioux City, Iowa: write Sgt. R. F. McLeish. . . . Pvt. GARLIN FORD, once in Med. Det., McClosky Gen. Hosp., Temple, Tex.: write Pfc. Leo Reed. . . . Pvt. JOHNNIE FORD of Selma, Ala.: write Cpl. Edward M. Ewing. . . . BAYARD S. FORSTER of Garrison, N. Y.: write Sgt. James A. Griswold.

G. Lt. PAUL GOSHER of Dove Creek, Colo.: write Pvt. Carlos C. Johnson. . . . Sgt. HOUSTON GREEN, once with 145th Armd. Sig. Co.: write Lt. Louis Haas. . . . Pvt. WALTER GREEN, somewhere in Mississippi: write Pvt. Alfred W. Sitterley.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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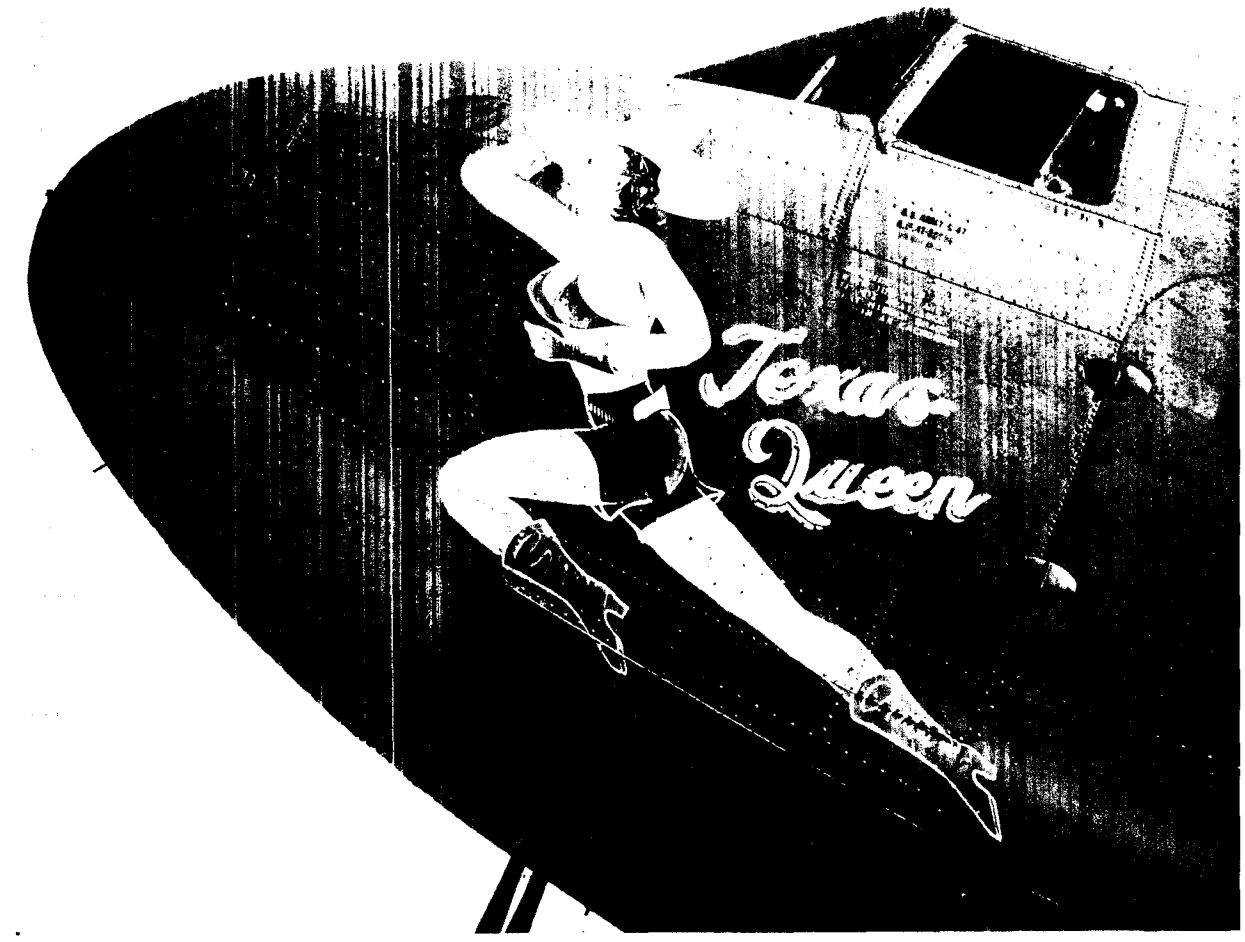
CENSORED BEFORE TEXAS QUEEN LEFT THE ALEUTIANS FOR HOME SHE HAD TO PUT ON ALL THESE CLOTHES.



ALEUTIAN TROOP CARRIERS

By Sgt. MACK MORRISS
YANK Staff Writer

M/SGT. William Hooper, a line chief from the warmth of Meridian, Miss., polished his horn-rim glasses and took a back azimuth on 16 months in Alaska.

"There was one time," said Hooper, "when it took us all day long to change the spark plugs on a C-47.

"I guess it was 40 or 50 below. You have to work barehanded to change plugs, so one of us would go out and work maybe three minutes and come back inside the shack and thaw out. Somebody else would go out then and work as long as he could stand it.

"We had no protection against the weather up there, and I don't guess there is a man in the outfit who hasn't had some part of his face or hands frozen.

"Taking all day to do a two or three-hour job like changing plugs is just one of the things a man had to contend with."

Hooper is one of a bunch of guys down at Lawson Field, next to Fort Benning, Ga., who have settled down to some quiet flying Stateside—now that they've had their 20-day furloughs.

They're the men of the 42d Troop Carrier Squadron, which flew up and down Alaska and the Aleutians in the world's worst weather for 18 months and more. It is the first TCC outfit to return to the States as a unit and one of the first in the Army to come back under the new rotation policy.

The men of the 42d are apt to be a clannish bunch, greeting each other with an inevitably cheerful "Wrangle-dangle," sentencing some minor offender with the verdict, "Send 'im down the Chain!" and laughing quietly among themselves at the memory of Tom Burns whisky.

Some of them individually have piled up staggering numbers of hours in the air, as you might gather from M/Sgt. John O'Mary of Little Rock, Ark. O'Mary, a flight chief, explained that he got airsick. "I didn't get in much time," he innocently says. "About 400 hours."

An average for the boys who flew regularly is somewhere around 1,200. One ship logged 187 hours in 17 days, or an average of 11 hours' flying time per day for almost three weeks.

Besides the subzero temperatures, which caused weird things to happen to men and planes, some of the 42d's worst handicaps were atmospheric conditions that so disrupted radio reception that communication at times became impossible.

"If it wasn't the aurora borealis jamming our teletypes and radio, it was the Japs," said M/Sgt. Louis Bentley of Harrisburg, Pa., the communications chief. "And then there was St. Elmo's Fire. When the airplane becomes charged with static electricity, the 'fire' runs all over the ship. It knocks out everything, including the radio compass—and when that happens, a pilot gets home by the seat of his pants."

The extreme cold was a maintenance man's nightmare. It could, and did, freeze hydraulic fluid and oil, rupturing feed lines or knocking out brakes.

O'Mary tells of one incident in particular:

"You know how the tires on a plane are a little flat when it's parked on the ground? Well, one tire froze that way and the ship had to take off with the wheel bumping along like a dog with a broken leg. It took 45 minutes for the wheels to lift that day."

Operating out of Anchorage and flying down the chain of the Aleutians, the 42d did its full measure of troop-carrier freight-and-taxi service. An average month, like last September, saw the squadron's 13 planes fly 270,000 freight-ton miles and 1,394,000 passenger miles.

During active combat periods the C-47s flew in supplies and evacuated wounded. Lt. Ruth Gardiner, ANC, of Chicago, Ill., was aboard one of the six planes lost by the squadron and so became the first U. S. Army nurse serving with the Air Forces to die on air-evac duty.

The squadron lost not only those six planes in the fog and clouds, which sometimes had "hard cores," but cracked up another six putting them down on iced-over runways. Three planes came in on the ice and kept right on going—brakes are worse than worthless then—to smash themselves into total wrecks at the end of the strips. Three other ships that skidded into snowbanks were salvageable.

It was on the Kiska deal that the men of the 42d were all set to participate in their first real combat mission. S/Sgt. Bob Doucette of Bristol, Conn., summed up the whole thing in a clipped, somewhat disappointed paragraph:

"We were supposed to drop paratroopers who would take the highlands after the Infantry went in on the beachhead. You know about Kiska. They didn't need people to take the highlands."

The 42d's pilots—a young-looking gang of people who give the impression that, back home again, they still haven't let up the pressure—had some strange cargo aboard. Once they moved an entire antiaircraft battalion with all its equipment. Another time they flew Christmas trees and turkeys to the isolated and utterly barren islands of the Aleutians.

"We've flown for hours at 10 feet off the water to get under the ceiling," one of them said. "What happens if you hit a good cross wind at a time like that? Buster, that's what makes it interesting."

But for the squadron, it wasn't all bleak country, cold weather and sleeping in the ships when there was no place at a new field for them to stay.

The squadron clerk, asked what happened to him during his hitch at a thankless job in a cold, gray land, said: "I danced with Ingrid Bergman."

He did, too.

M/SGT. LOUIS BENTLEY WAS THE COMMUNICATIONS CHIEF IN THE 42D TROOP CARRIER SQUADRON.

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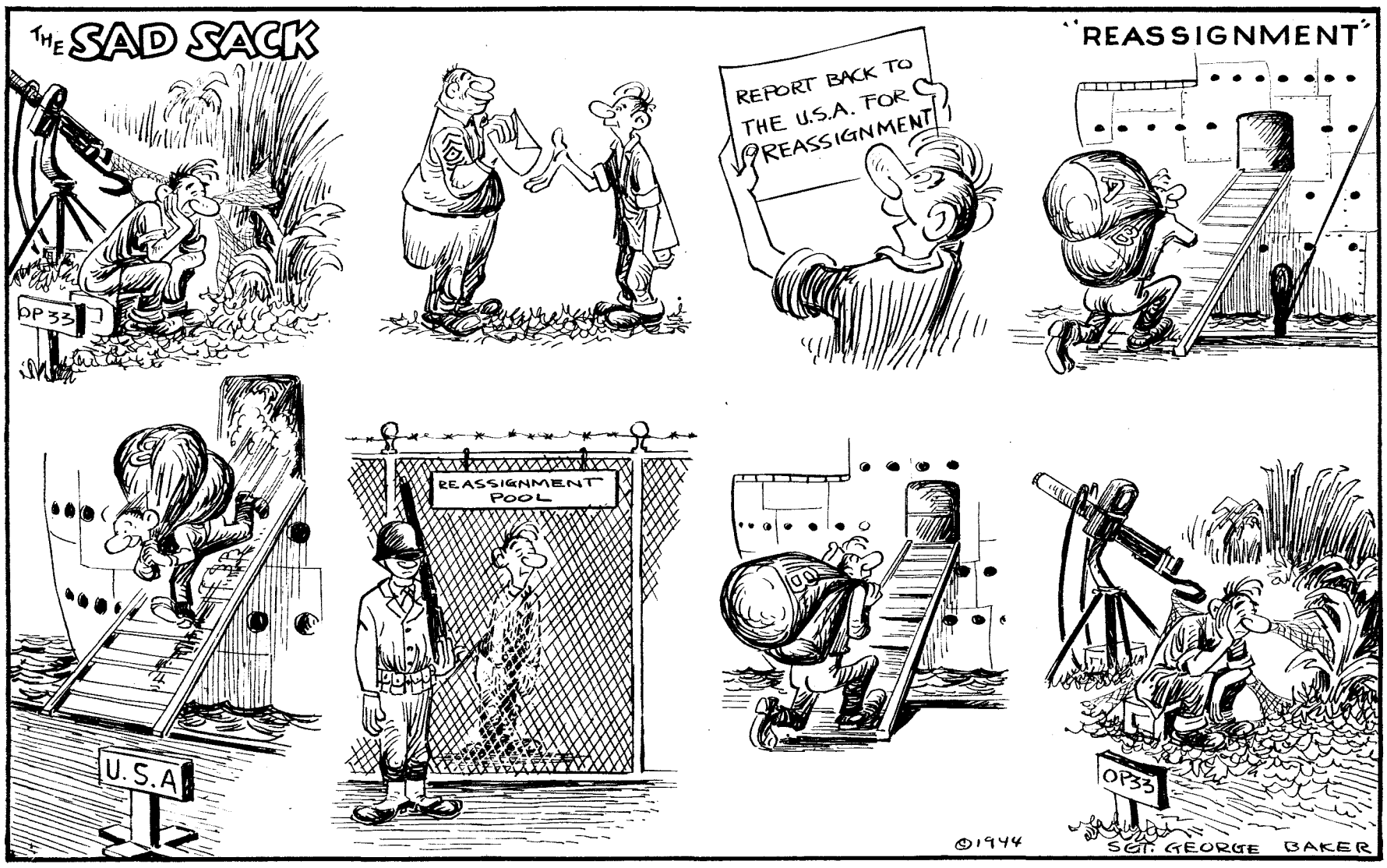

STICK-UP BY THE NUMBERS

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

NEWEST wrinkle in post-war planning comes from the FBI. One of its agents told reporters that 10,000,000 men, trained to kill, are coming home from the war.

This, it seems, will be quite a problem. Homecoming soldiers "are going to be post-graduates in crime," said the FBI man, who pointed out that GIs are learning to kill skillfully and silently. "The picture," he added, "is not a pleasant one."

The FBI can dream all it wants, but I'm afraid it's on the wrong scent. A GI crime wave simply wouldn't work out. Of course a few ex-soldiers may decide to take up post-war crime, but they'll never revolutionize the underworld. Let's listen to the conversations of those four ex-soldiers, in black overcoats, sitting at the table in the corner:

"Let's have another beer all around," says Mac. "I hear rumors we're pullin' a bank job tonight."

"Yer always peddlin' them rumors," mutters Bud. "Ever since basic training. We ain't gonna pull no bank job tonight. Relax. Here comes the Old Man now."

"Okay, you guys," snaps the Old Man, their former CO, "we're pullin' that bank job in 15 minutes. Get the outfit together an' be back here in 15 minutes sharp, see? This is it!"

"Yeah, this is it!" they reply as they vanish. In 15 minutes there are 55 men assembled, with their overcoats buttoned up to their chins. They sit around the place for six days, awaiting further orders.

"I finally got transportation lined up," explains the Old Man on the seventh day. "We're headin' for the bank tomorrow night! Have you guys got yer guns?"

"They ain't been issued to us yet," Mac tells him. Two days later the guns arrive, and the men line up and sign for them. The Old Man inspects each weapon. "Clean this pistol, Ace!" he barks. "You don't leave this room until it's spotless. Report to me here every hour, on the hour, until that gun passes inspection."

Next evening about dark everything is in order, and they pile into a convoy of black sedans. "Wot we waitin' for, chief?" asks Mac. "Why don't we take off?"

"Clearance, ya dope. We gotta get clearance through the head mob. I asked 'em to set up a clearance system like the Army's, so the responsibility wouldn't be on my shoulders."

They arrive at the bank two nights later. "First thing," yells the Old Man as they climb out of the cars, "first thing we're gonna try a dry run. Mac, you take 24 men an' go in the side window. Ace, yer gonna guard the cars with 18 men, an' challenge everyone who comes near. The rest of you guys follow me. Remember, this is a dry run."

They enter the bank, break open the main safe, then close it and come out again, empty handed.

"Very good," says the Old Man when they assemble by the cars. "Except some of you guys got yer hand signals mixed again. Don't ya know the difference between the signal for 'assemble double time' and the one for 'take a 10-minute break?' An' how many times must I tell you guys to keep low? Don't walk up that stairway, *crawl* up it!"

After a short rest the Old Man says: "Okay, men, let's run through it again, only this time it's for keeps. This is it!"

"This is it!" they all echo. But just then a carful of rival gangsters whips around the corner and stops. Two men leap out, two men with punctured eardrums who were civilians during the war. They enter the bank, reappear in a moment carrying huge money bags, then roar away. Police arrive with sirens screaming in time to arrest the 55 ex-soldiers who are lined up for a final roll call and inspection.

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STRICTLY GI

Transfers to Infantry

ENLISTED men under 32, if on duty in the continental U. S. and physically qualified for overseas duty, may request transfer to the Infantry in grade, without loss of pay or rating. Personnel prohibited from applying are 1) trainers or trainees in replacement centers, ASF enlisted specialist schools or Zone of Interior personnel replacement depots; 2) certain AAF students and specialists; 3) men alerted or under movement orders for overseas; 4) men listed as critically needed specialists. Applications will be made through channels to The Adjutant General, giving name, grade, age, serial number, organization, SSN and MOS numbers. Unit COs will certify as to physical qualifications, and only the WD is authorized to disapprove an application.

AAF Box Score

The Army Air Forces in 1943 destroyed 9,463 enemy aircraft in combat and 1,579 more on the ground. Almost two-thirds of the damage was done in the latter half of the year. Our losses for the year were 2,809 in combat and 76 on the ground. The score:

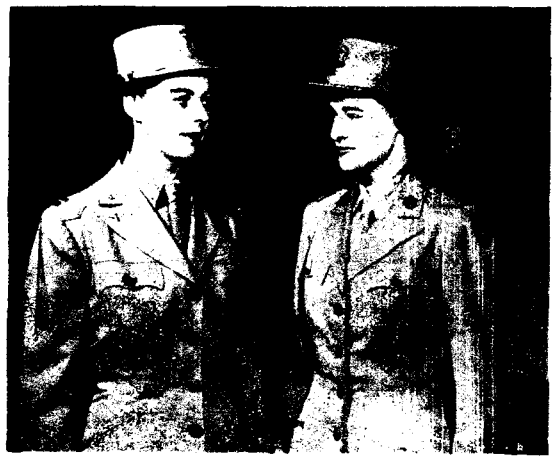
	ENEMY LOSSES		AAF LOSSES	
	Combat	Ground	Combat	Ground
United Kingdom	3,832		899	
Mediterranean	2,824	814	1,307	24
CBI, S.W. Pacific	2,279	742	420	41
S. Pacific, Hawaii and Alaska	528	23	183	11

Shoulder Patches

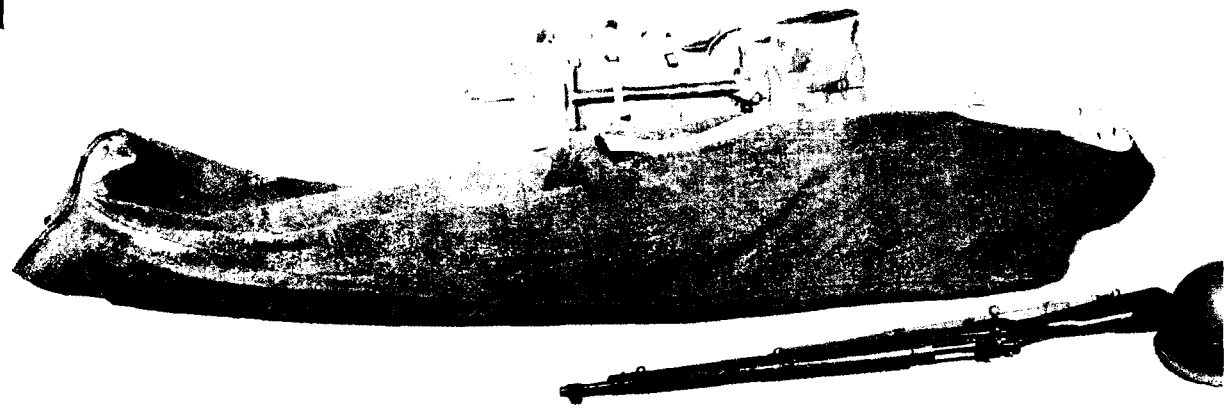
Shoulder-patch swappers who have been using the free-mail privilege to circularize lists of patches or collectors, or have been sending patches through the mails, are warned by the Army Postal Service to cut it out. Round-robin letters and merchandise are prohibited from the free-mail list by paragraphs 5*e* and *k*, section II, *WD Circular No. 238, 1942.*

Education

Personnel currently being discharged will receive a new WD booklet, "Information for Soldiers Going Back to Civilian Life," giving them advice on employment, disability problems, pensions, mustering-out pay, financial assistance and advice, legal protection, social-security benefits, draft-board relationship, etc. . . . The Armed Forces Institute is extending its educational facilities to U. S. military and naval personnel who are interned in neutral countries or are prisoners of war. Details are being handled by the YMCA's War Prisoners Aid.



WAC SUMMER UNIFORM. Enlisted members of the WAC will be issued a new summer uniform of khaki tropical worsted [*right*], similar to the suntan uniform worn by WAC officers [*left*] but without the officers' braid on the cuff. The khaki cotton twill uniform will be worn on duty, the worsted after hours.



A SLEEPING BAG that does the work of two GI blankets and takes up less space than one will be issued soon to troops in the field in place of blankets. Made of 21½-ounce OD wool cloth, it has a special top with a pear-shaped face opening so that the user's head will fit snugly into it (above). The bag opens and closes down the front by a quick-disassembling zipper, which works from the inside. Web ties at bottom permit easy packing (right), and the water-repellent case provides extra warmth.

Equipment

QMC has developed a new 30-ounce poncho for use in tropical combat areas and will send the first batch to the South Pacific. Made of coated nylon fabric, it is waterproofed with the same synthetic resin as the old cotton issue but weighs 25 ounces less. Grommets and eyelets enable it to be used for a shelter half, foxhole cover, ground sheet or bed roll. . . . Latest QMC gadget for cold climates is a small brush, made of bassine fiber with a wire handle, for removing snow from clothing. . . . A new general-purpose squad tent to replace pyramidal and storage tents is 12 feet high, 16 feet wide and 32 feet 9 inches long. It has a vertical 6-foot door at either end, with neither door cutting back into the tent; a new type of ventilator, and separate openings for stovepipe outlets. With stoves, the tent houses 12 men; without stoves, 16.

Kittyhawk Dance

AAF Kittyhawk pilots, who helped keep the Jap from North Australia shores early in the war, have become legendary heroes to the black aboriginals of that country. Almost every night, reports a YANK correspondent from down under, some of the aborigines squat on the ground, beat time and chant while the others prance around in the "Kittyhawk Dance." The words of the song, when translated, go something like this: "American Kittyhawk men fly over us, go up and down, away again, fight Japs. American Kittyhawk men very polite. They chase Jap bomb men away, make us happy."

Washington OP

MAJ. GEN. NORMAN T. KIRK, Surgeon General, says there is nothing to the rumors of so-called "basket cases"—cases of men with both legs and both arms amputated. "There weren't any in the last war," he said, "and there aren't any in this." The total number of amputation cases returned to Zone of Interior hospitals so far include 1,194 major amputations, of which 58 are of two limbs and none are of three or four limbs. In the last war there were 4,503 amputations, none of all limbs. . . . The armed forces have had only 75 cases of permanent blindness so far in this war, Maj. Gen. Kirk said. Those men will be kept under Army or Navy care until they have made social adjustments and are able to lead useful lives in their communities.

March's record of 9,118 airplanes produced in the U. S. will be hard to maintain, says the Aircraft Production Board, because of constant engineering changes to meet combat needs and because of the probable drafting of men under 26. . . . The year-old Legal Assistance Branch of the JAG, in cooperation with volunteer civilian lawyers of state bar associations, handled more than 2,000,000 legal headaches for GIs up to its birthday in March. . . . Among the 2,600,000 tons of food we have sent to Russia through Lend-Lease are some 100,000 tons of *Tushonka*, a canned pork product, made according to a Russian recipe.

The Pentagon has become a little more drab with the departure of Secretary Stimson's three enlisted aides for overseas; the three tech sergeants, now replaced by Wacs, were the last EM in the Army authorized to wear the dress blue uniform. . . . Two GIs, over the hill from the Fort Knox (Ky.) Rehabilitation Center, blew into Washington recently, pinned on officers' insignia and had themselves a heiluva time in a swank $35-a-day hotel, in the meantime passing bad checks for $5,270. The law finally caught up with the 19-year-old "major" and 18-year-old "captain."

—YANK Washington Bureau

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Navy: Robert L. Schwartz Y2c; Allen Churchill Sp(x)3c.

●

Commanding Officer: Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

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Lucky Strike

Sheppard Field, Tex.—Pfc. Robert N. Greenberg of the 601st TG fished into his barracks bag for a pack of cigarettes and came out with a wad of $20, $50 and $100 bills stuffed into the pack. He opened three more packs and had a total of $3,451.

The money had been hidden among the cigarettes by Greenberg's father, and since his death earlier this year it had been the object of a thorough search by Pfc. Greenberg and his mother. They knew that the money was in their home in Los Angeles, Calif., but didn't know where.

Greenberg, who has since been transferred to Fort Bliss, Tex., had taken the carton of cigarettes from his father's room before returning to Sheppard. He had smoked five packs and was starting on the sixth when he stumbled upon the secret.

He rushed the money to the Red Cross office for safekeeping. The safe there could not be opened, so Greenberg returned to his barracks and spent a sleepless night with the dough under his pillow. The next day he converted the cash into a certified check, which he air-mailed to his mother.

—Cpl. HARRY RYAN

Thar's Lead in Them Hills

Sioux Falls Army Air Field, S. Dak.—T/Sgt. Leslie Riffey and his men on the range crew of the school of small arms have become part-time hydraulic miners. Every time a rainstorm sweeps down over the hills surrounding the outdoor rifle and pistol ranges, it uncovers deposits of spent lead bullets, which the men collect and add to the salvage pile.

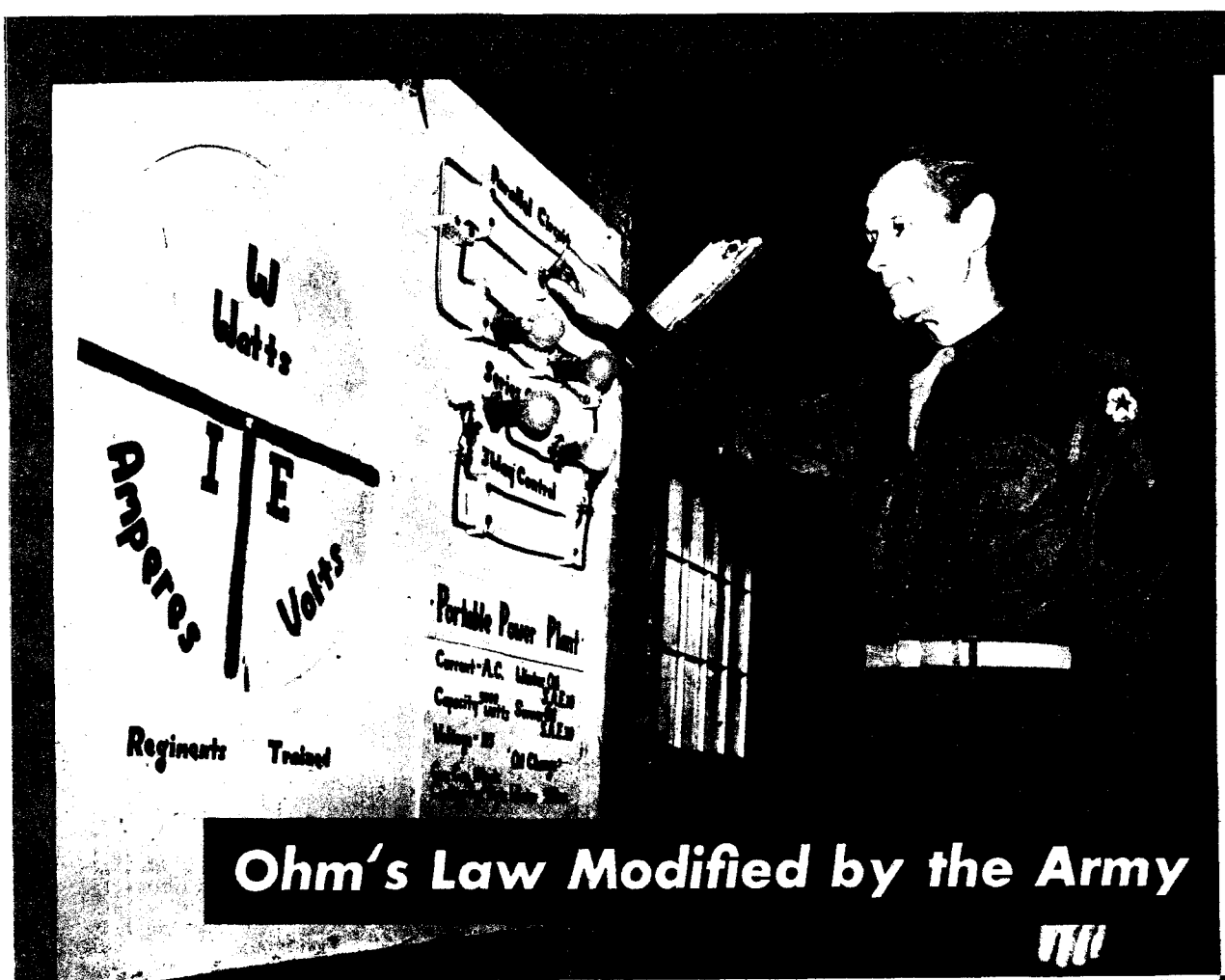
Sgt. Riffey's four-man crew collected more than 10 tons of metal in an 11-week period and turned it over to the QM Dept. Some of this tonnage has come from the natural earth backstops afforded by the hilly terrain and some from collections of discharged shell cases picked up daily near the firing positions.

Except for stray shots, most of the bullets fired are reclaimed by the range crew. Beside Sgt. Riffey, its members are Pfc. Trine Contreras of San Antonio, Tex.; Pvt. Raymond Jamieson of Paterson, N. J.; Pvt. Gilbert Bott of Detroit, Mich., and Pvt. Matthew Rack of Cincinnati, Ohio.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Jackson Army Air Base, Miss.—As if things weren't tough enough already for PT sufferers, a detailed manual for the teaching of physical education has been put out by S/Sgt. Carlo Bracci, noncom in charge of PT here. The *PT Instructors' Manual*, a mimeographed affair containing 45 pages of grunt and groan information, has been distributed to all PT officers, instructors and squadrons.

Gila Bend Army Air Field, Ariz.—The adjutant of the 492d was transferred before he got around to giving Pvt. James A. Asbury the airplane ride he'd been promising him. But recently Asbury got an emergency furlough just as the former adjutant landed on this field on a training flight,



Ohm's Law Modified by the Army

Camp Ellis, Ill.—"Ohm's Law, which is a standard rule for electricians the world over, has been modified by the Army," says M/Sgt. John L. Kidd at the Engineer Group Electrical School. Sgt. Kidd has had 17 years' experience in electrical construction and design, and he helped organize and now supervises the school here at which trainees receive a comprehensive course in electricity.

The power law which the electrical school teaches is a modified version of the standard watts-amperes-and-volts rule, which is a fundamental in both electricity and radio, and Sgt. Kidd graphically shows how it works by the use of a demonstration board he designed. With it, Kidd is able also to demonstrate the difference between basic electrical circuits to students who find electric flow and operation hard to understand.

The efficiency of Kidd's teaching methods, in which he is assisted by five other GI instructors, is indicated by the fact that students are able to perform exterior and interior electrical-construction work after completing the four weeks' course.

Included in the training is line construction, with students doing actual practical work on 40-foot telephone poles behind the school building; repair work, hooking up field telephones, wire splicing and operation of portable power plants.

Assisting Sgt. Kidd are T-5 John B. Campbell, whose specialty is interior construction; T-5 Roy N. Jackson, line construction; Pfc. Joseph Suddth, theory; Pfc. Walter Kuzma, power-plant operation, and Pfc. John F. Pemble, who is general handyman.

—Pvt. ALBERT C. PRAST

Latin-American Wacs Honor Mexican Hero

Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex.—A group of women of Latin-American extraction took the Army oath before more than 6,000 persons in San Antonio's Municipal Auditorium to become the second section of the Benito Juarez Air-WAC Squadron, named for the hero who helped liberate Mexico from European domination in 1862.

Highlight of the two-hour program of Latin-American songs, dances and music was the presentation of a guidon to the newly formed squadron by Armondo Orteaga Santoy, secretary of state of Mexico's state of Nuevo Leon. Pvt. Mercedes Ledesma, whose husband was killed in action in Italy, received the flag, which the "Bee-Jay" Squadron will carry with it to basic training at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Led by an honor guard from the first Latin-American WAC squadron, the new war-women marched into the auditorium to be sworn in and to hear words of greeting from Col. Oveta Culp Hobby and from Mrs. Dwight Eisenhower.

Many of these new Wacs, after completing their initial training, will return to this south Texas area for duty assignments. Others have asked for assignments to Army air fields in other parts of the country.

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and since both were going in the same direction Pvt. Asbury took off on his first ride in a plane. Ten minutes later the plane developed engine trouble and Pvt. Asbury got another "first." He had to bail out.

Woodward Army Air Field, Okla. — After 18 months in the AAF, Cpl. Dwane A. Johnson may have entertained some doubts as to whether he was a soldier. A letter from the Office of Naval Officer Procurement in Seattle, Wash., didn't help. Addressed to his home, it was an earnest solicitation that Johnson join the WAVES.

Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, Pa.—1st Sgt. P. P. Skuppian of the 378th Inf. was unusually honored during an Apr. 1 celebration held in nearby Pottsville. Thirty high-school girls, guests of the GIs of 1st Platoon, M Co., walked up to the top kick and each gave him a kiss as a birthday present—one kiss for each of his 30 years.

Tuskegee Army Air Field, Ala.—Sgt. Cecil D. Nelson Jr. won first prize of $250 in the third annual exhibition of Negro artists held at Atlanta University. Sgt. Nelson's winning canvas was a landscape in oil entitled "Tragedy in One Scene." Another Tuskegee artist, Sgt. Roy LaGrone, drew honorable mention for a black-and-white entitled "Strange Fruit."

Seattle Naval Hospital, Wash.—C. J. Henning EM1c arrived here from a year's duty overseas without a scratch. On leave, he took a whirl at

camp news

roller skating, which he had taught back in Sauk City, Wis. The first time out Henning came a cropper and broke his leg.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Sgt. Wildt of the 333d Harbor Craft Co. awoke to find a snake coiled by his bed, and to his rescue came his CO, armed with a rifle, and Sgt. Pop Nesbitt, carrying a furnace poker. When Nesbitt poked the reptile and got a hollow, metallic sound, the CO reached down and picked up the snake—a realistically fashioned ashtray.

Fort McClellan, Ala. — The *McClellan Cycle*, weekly EM newspaper published for the IRTC here wants a new name for GI Joe. Contending that GI Joe doesn't "carry any of the punch of the World War I 'Doughboy,'" the editors of the *Cycle* have offered a prize of a $100 War Bond for the best substitute suggested by a soldier at this post.

Fort Monmouth, N. J.—Cpl. Frank Sinatra, a cousin of the famous swooner, was a recent arrival here. "Since that other Sinatra became famous," the corporal says, "my name has become quite a burden." In the Army, he adds, it's "especially tough when a hard-boiled sergeant asks your name. It takes a brave man to answer, 'Frank Sinatra.'"

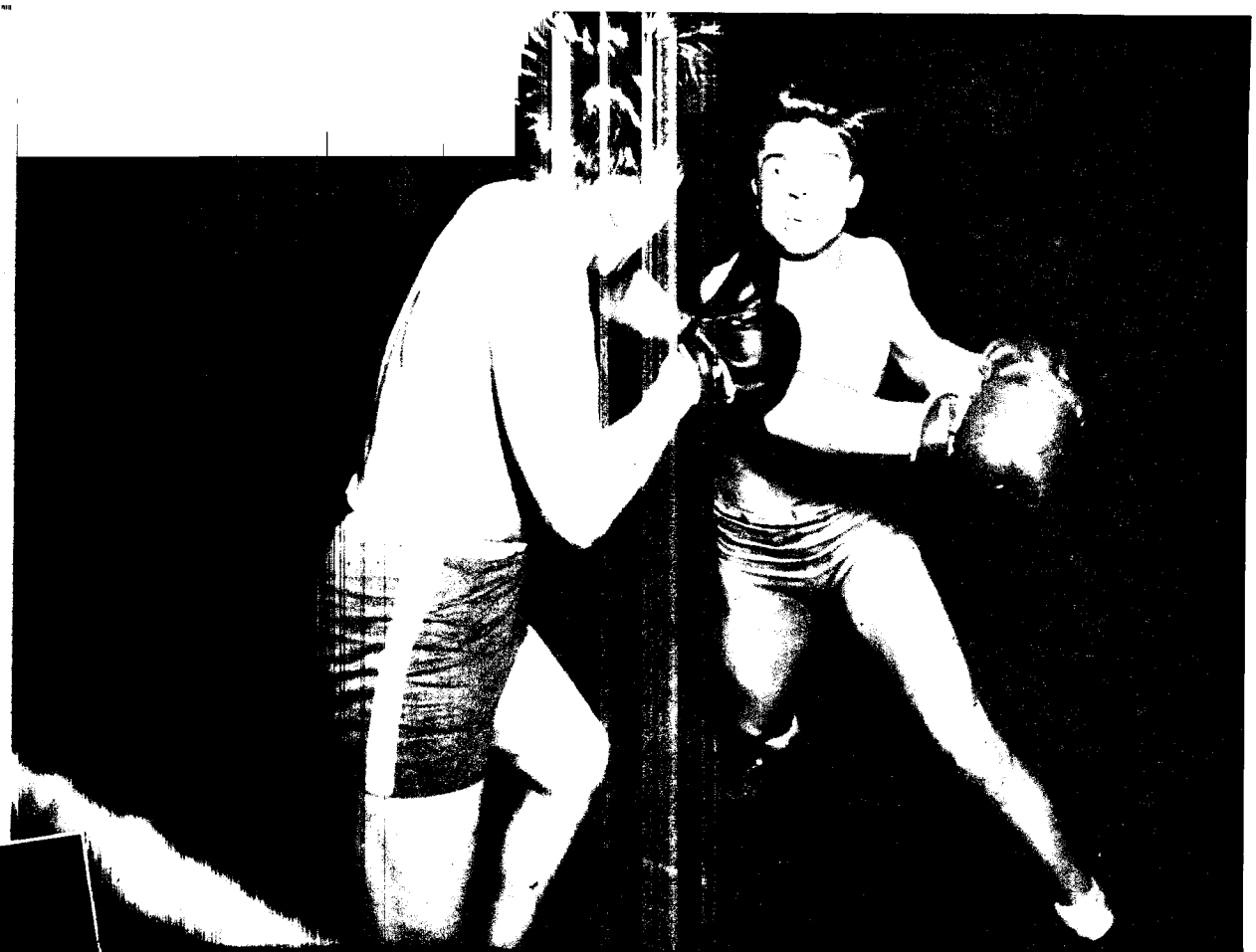
Sedalia Army Air Field, Mo.—"Hop in," said the driver as a car stopped where Pvt. Raymond Riddle was waiting for a bus. Riddle hesitated when he looked inside. "Come on, hop in," one of the passengers said, "it's cold outside." Riddle had quite a ride—with three major generals and a brigadier general. "I really had fun talking to them," Riddle said later.

Camp Haan, Calif.—In one of his letters to a brother stationed in the Aleutians, Sgt. George Zanter of the 820th Bn. inquired if the brother would like to have a box of Fanny Farmer candy. The reply: "Never mind the candy; just send Fanny Farmer."

IN THERE PITCHING

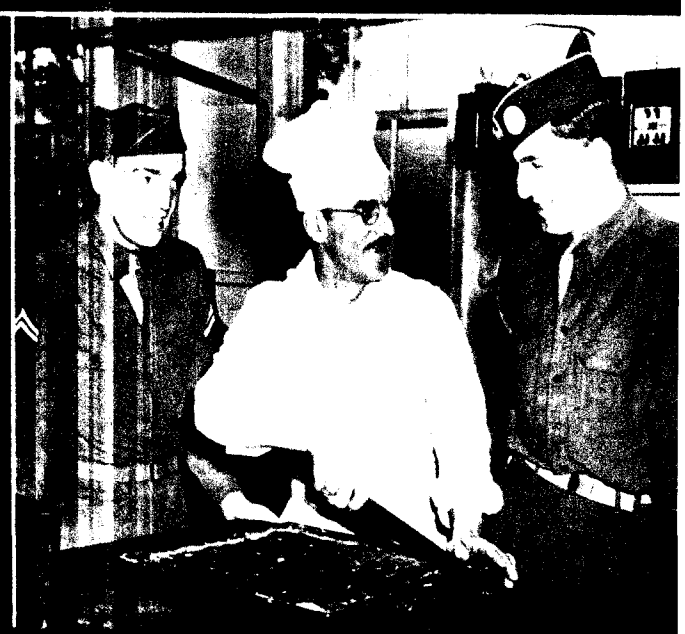
Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pvt. Eddie Erautt, who acquired an eagle-eye accuracy as pitcher for the Hollywood Stars in the Pacific Coast League, was put behind a machine gun and told to fire at a radio-controlled airplane model.

Eddie didn't need the 50 shots allowed him. Before he had finished he not only demolished that and every other model they had but also wrecked the apparatus. Cost to the Government: $1,400.



HAIR RAISER. Pfc. Ed Keefer (right) looks ready to add a bite to the KO punch he throws at Pvt. Joe Ferrante. This hair-raising episode took place during Gowen Field (Idaho) boxing tourney. Keefer, with the AB Sq., finally took the decision from Ferrante, an aviation engineer.

TOP TWAIN. Top kicks with a heart—for each other—are newlyweds 1st Sgt. W. F. Higgins and 1st Sgt. Kay Stamer, Camp Campbell, Ky.



REUNION. Cpl. Jean G. and Sgt. Paul E. Jr. converge on their father, T-4 Paul E. Boutin, at Fort Bragg, N. C., for their first meeting in 30 months.

BLAZING LESSON. White-phosphorus hand grenades explode high against a background of billowing smoke from smoke pots at Camp Roberts, Calif. The vivid and realistic display was part of a demonstration staged by the camp chemical officer for officers and noncoms taking chemical-warfare course.

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Navy Notes

NEW RULINGS. In certain cases [illegible] Navy [illegible] on urgent leave may obtain Class [illegible] prior [illegible] commercial airlines in the U. S. To qualify, they must be going overseas or returning from overseas, or be attached to a unit earmarked for overseas duty and alerted for departure, or be on emergency leave because of death or serious illness in the immediate family. *(Cir. Letter 89-44.)*

Anyone who served with a unit when it won the Presidential Unit Citation can wear the citation ribbon and star permanently, wherever he's stationed. Persons joining the unit after it received the citation can wear the ribbon only while they're with the outfit, and then without the star. *(ALNAV 72.)*

The new jumper-shortening regulation calls for undress jumpers to be shortened four inches and dress jumpers to be whittled six inches. Both will hang straight, and they will "have 2½-inch hems to provide material for tall men." Drawstring jumpers will remain legal until they're worn out. . . . There is a new ¾-size cap device for CPO garrison caps, to replace the full-size insignia previously authorized.

Regulars and reservists who joined the Navy before Apr. 15, 1944, are eligible to take examinations for the Naval Academy Preparatory School. The exams will be held in the States on July 1, 1944, but may be held later than that at outposts or on ships *at sea. (Cir. Letter 102-44.)*

Hereafter, all men who lose limbs while in Naval service will be sent to the Philadelphia or Mare Island Naval Hospitals. Both have been specially staffed for amputation cases.

PACIFIC DOINGS. Jap airplane gas captured in the Gilberts is so inferior that it's used only in U. S. [illegible] ter, thou[illegible] proof [illegible]

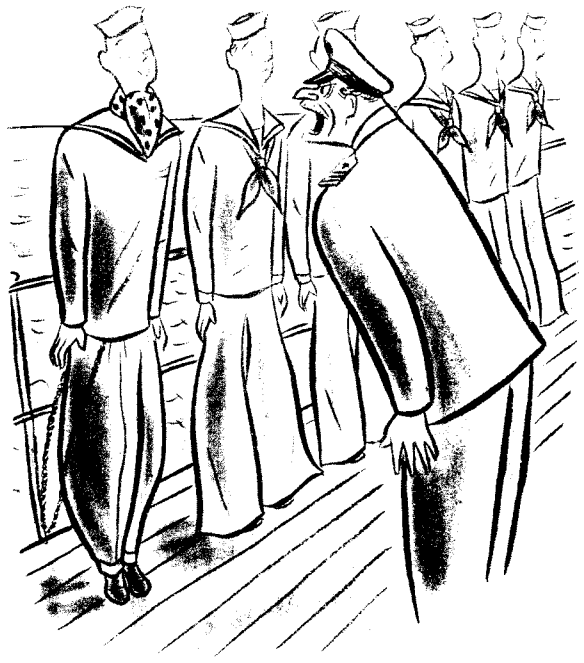
Only 5" [illegible] were found on five of the 10 western Marshall atolls which were recently seized by U. S. Marines, and only three marines were wounded in the operation. Most of the Japs either committed suicide or were wiped out by mortar fire. On Wotho, a typical atoll, the marines found 12 Jap flyers from a crashed bomber. The Japs took the machine guns off their plane and fled to another island, where they were later found dead.

Pilots in the first night raid on Truk found the place all lighted up. Even when they were over the target they could still see factory lights and moving automobiles. Not until a dozen bombs were dropped and four large fires started did the blackout begin.

MONEY MATTERS. Men being transferred will get a break from a new BuPers ruling that pay accounts and service records must be rushed through to keep men from waiting for them. . . . Approximately 2,500 mustering-out checks are mailed daily to Navy veterans. . . . The largest single money loss on any U. S. ship was on the *USS Chicago*, which went down off Guadalcanal with $400,000 in cash. When the paymaster was rescued he demanded that he be searched by two senior officers and then wrote a sworn statement that he didn't have any of the dough.

DREDGINGS. The Navy needs 7,000 more civilians to operate its 350 ships service stores in the States and is trying to get them from among wives and dependents of Navy men. . . . The caliber .30 carbine is now being issued as a personal weapon for officers and chiefs in place of the caliber .45 automatic pistol. . . . Two more subs, the *Haddock* and *Bowfin*, have been awarded the Presidential Unit Citation. . . . An estimated total of 1,154 major vessels have been lost by all navies in the war. This includes only battleships, carriers, cruisers, destroyers and submarines. . . . A meat specialists' school has been started at Great Lakes to teach cooks how to get more chops and steaks and less ground meat from each shipment. . . . The Navy is now issuing plastic bugles.

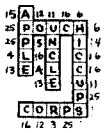
—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c



"And who, may I ask, is your tailor?"
—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

TEE-TOTAL

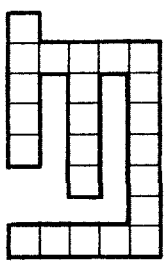
WANT to win a kit full of puzzles? Just try it! Three or four hundred guys send in Tee-Total solutions. We give kits to the six or eight with the top scores. Discouraging, isn't it? Still, somebody's got to win, so—



Fill in diagram with five different English words. No names of persons or places. Consult Letter Value table. Add number values of the *23 letters* you've used, *counting each of the 23 letters only once.* Sample work-out here totals 304. You'd better do better.

In case of word disputes, we'll check with Webster's Collegiate.

LETTER VALUES	
A — 15	N — 5
B — 10	O — 12
C — 16	P — 25
D — 2	Q — 20
E — 13	R — 3
F — 9	S — 1
G — 17	T — 7
H — 6	U — 11
I — 14	V — 24
J — 22	W — 23
K — 26	X — 19
L — 4	Y — 18
M — 8	Z — 21



Score ..... Submitted by:

.....

.....

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Mail to Puzzle Editor, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., within two weeks of the date of this issue if you are in the U. S., within *eight* weeks if you are outside the U. S. Winners in U. S. will be listed on this page in the June 23 issue.

NUMBER PROBLEM

CAN you arrange the digits from 1 through 9 so that they add up to 100?

There are at least four different solutions to this, and you'll have to use fractions in all of them.

THE LAST time we ran a picture of Linda Darnell it was from the neck up and we said her face was often called the most beautiful in Hollywood. We have since found out that she has more than a face, and you will find this out, too, by glancing at the left. Linda's new movie, released through United Artists, is called "Goodbye My Love."

THIS may win you a beer—or anything else you feel like betting on, only better not try it on an old hand at pitching pennies. He may have hit on the combination before and know the answer.

You bet a guy that, within 10 seconds, he won't be able to estimate correctly the number of pennies it takes to form a ring around a single penny. The outside pennies must touch one another and they must all border upon the circumference of the center penny.

It's a fair bet, yet most guys go off on their estimate. But don't blame us if the guy you bet with is smarter than you think.

PLANE SPOTTER

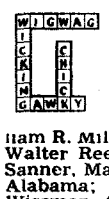
HERE are the names of five well known planes. Can you spot them? Visibility's poor because we've scrambled the letters of each one. Example: I AX HALF is a Halifax, you dope.

You ought to score five out of five in 15 minutes.

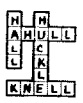
1. ARABIC OAR _____
2. TRIBAL ORE _____
3. O VOST MIRK _____
4. OK MA WHAT _____
5. ERNS STIFF GLORY _____

PUZZLE-KIT PRIZES

DOMESTIC TEE-TOTAL WINNERS. Thirteen entries tied at 379 in this contest. The solution of Pfc. Jack B. Rector of Camp Davis, N. C., winner for a third time, is shown here. Prizes go to these first-time winners: F/Sgt. Stacia Chuprewicz, Bowman Field, Ky.; S/Sgt. Silas Cooke, Camp Davis, N. C.; Sgt. Anthony DiGregorio, Miami Beach, Fla.; Sgt. F. J. Furman, Buckley Field, Colo.; Lt. A. M. Hoehheiser, Fort Meade, Md.; Pfc. Jack Keen, Fort Worth AAF, Tex.; William R. Miller S2c, Camp Peary, Va.; Pvt. Everett L. Refior, Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.; Lt. William H. Sanner, March Field, Calif.; A/S Dick Sears, University of Alabama; Lt. Abe Zucker, Monroe, La., and Pfc. Jack Wiseman, Camp Mackall, N. C.



OVERSEAS TEE-TOTAL WINNERS. John W. Mumma ARM1c is a winner for a second time, with a score of 307. Kits of puzzles go to these first-time winners: M/Sgt. Lucas J. Harren (344), Cpl. George Bibby (310), Pvt. Vincent Gauld (306), T-4 John B. Raby (305), Seaman George G. Kolar (302). S/Sgt. NEHMY GAFSEYEFF: Send Puzzle Editor your APO so he can ship you your kit.



LETTER DIVISION

IF you haven't forgotten your grade-school arithmetic, this sort of thing ought to be a cinch. It's just a simple problem in long division; only we've substituted letters for the original figures. Your job is to figure out the figures. For instance, it's obvious that W equals 1, because W times GUN gives you GUN. You take it way from there.

As soon as you discover a number, write it down in the blank space beneath the letter that represents it, wherever that letter occurs in the problem. There are plenty of clues here if you can dig them out. The numbers range from 0 through 9.

```
          W E Z A Z
G U N ) B A Z O O K A
        G U N
        U E U O
        U B A A
          U U O O
          U U Z N
              U K K A
              U U Z N
                W B N
```

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

BEER BET. Six pennies will do it exactly.

NUMBER PROBLEM. 98 3/6 plus 1 27/54 equals 100. So do 4 16/28 plus 95 3/7; 5 38/76 plus 94⅓; or 24 3/6 plus 75 9/18.

LETTER DIVISION. A W U G K N B Z E O
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PLANE SPOTTER. 1. Airacobra. 2. Liberator. 3. Stormovik. 4. Tomahawk. 5. Flying Fortress.

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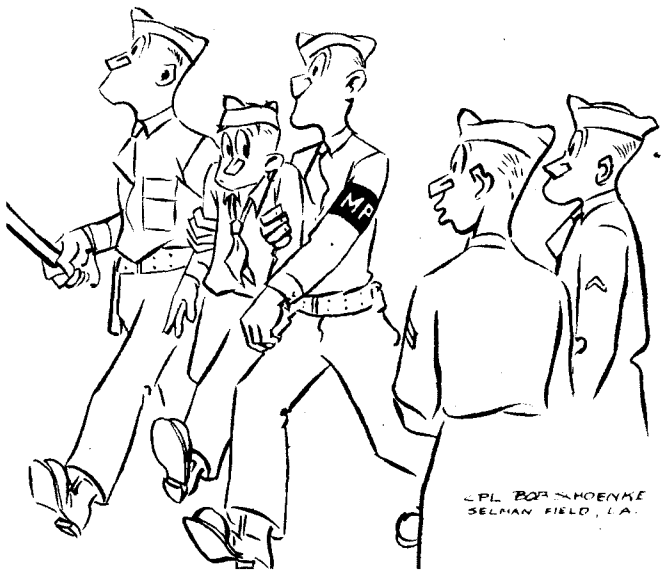
NIGHT AND DAY

Somberly garbed in nighttime's dark disguise
You walk along a narrow moonlight strand.
And I can only see the silver band
You wear around your wrist and recognize
You by your touch; but under daylight skies
Your form is etched against a wonderland
Of jagged trees and lacquered flowers, and
I see you plainly with admiring eyes.
In daylight I can watch you gently sway
Along the redolent garden paths in your
Magenta gown, oblivious of war.
By white syringas in the light of day
You're gay as the inimitable lark—
But, sweet, I like you better in the dark!

Fort Benning, Ga. —Sgt. LEONARD SUMMERS



"Goin' back to camp early, Mac?"
—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Selman Field, La.

You Can't Tell a Tiger

He was a little guy about 5 feet, 3, and he wore large black horn-rimmed glasses.

"Cpl. Ewin Rinselow reporting for duty," he said in a very weak voice.

"Wuttayadoo?" Sgt. Delaney grunted.

"I'm a—er—clerk. I can do morning report, sick book, most any——"

"Wuhjadoo in civilian life?"

The corporal thought a moment. "I was a sound man for radio," he said at last.

"Wuhjadoo?" probed the sarge.

"Well—uh—," he pulled at his collar, "—mostly I made the sounds of birds and animals."

"No kidding," said the sergeant. "Let's hear you imitate the yardbird."

"Here's a sample of bird," Rinselow replied. And the sweet sound of a warbling thrush came forth. Then he imitated in rapid succession a canary, a crow, an eagle and a mockingbird.

"Let's hear some animals," came a suggestion.

"This is a Bengal tiger," said Cpl. Rinselow.

And he gave forth the damndest blood-curdling sound you ever heard. It had all the power of a direct order, all the screaming intensity of a P-38 in a power dive and at the same time the haunting loneliness of a KP peeling a half-ton of spuds by hand in a deserted mess hall.

Not only the orderly room, but the entire area, snapped out of its mid-afternoon lethargy. The CO came out of his office, a poster fell off the wall and from that moment forward Cpl. Rinselow was dubbed Tiger.

A month or so later I received a letter from my mother telling me that Martha Jane, daughter of the Perrys next door, had become a war worker, operating a drill press. Martha Jane I remembered as a gangling adolescent, but the snapshot she enclosed was a betrayal of memory. She was strictly a late model. If I hadn't been all spoken for I might have rushed in an order.

But as it was, Cpl. Rinselow had read the letter over my shoulder, which is nothing new in Barracks 535. He kept staring at the snap. And as I sat on my foot locker, thinking it over, this lad sat down and wrote Martha Jane a letter.

My dear Miss Perry:

As day follows day of tedious routine for soldiers like myself and my buddy, Pfc. Sammy Lore, whose family lives next door to you, it really helps our morale to know that American women like yourself are backing us up with patriotic war work. I know you will not think it impertinent if . . .

Mail call followed mail call in Barracks 535, and letters kept jockeying back and forth between the corporal and Martha Jane. Her letters were warm and friendly but not exactly what is known as the sugar report. I forgot all about the entire affair until the corporal asked me if he could accompany me home on furlough.

As we piled off the train at the Burlington (Iowa) railroad station, who should be waiting for us but this Martha Jane.

She was radiant, her taffy hair under a perky bonnet, as she stood on tip toe in the crowd, searching. And when she saw us, the light in her eyes faded like a shattered beacon.

Martha Jane was plainly disappointed. And who wouldn't be, after the build-up of a name like Tiger?

On the last lap of the furlough, the corporal came dragging into my living room where I was sprawled on the divan, luxurious in mixed dress.

"It's hopeless," he said in his weak voice.

Then he began to pace the floor, back and forth, up and down, like he was in a cage. "Will you stop?" I shouted. "How can I relax with you pacing like a damned tiger!"

"Tiger!" he says. "That's it!" And while I was sitting there blinking my eyes, he whipped out of the house and over to the Perrys'.

Twenty minutes later I heard that damnable sound again. Oh well, I thought, the corporal is just amusing Martha Jane with his imitations. How was I to know that cry was the mating call of the Bengal tiger?

Not until I returned to the squadron did I learn that he had sent a wire that night to the CO:

REQUEST FIVE DAYS EXTENSION TO GET MARRIED."

As I write this, he's sitting on his bunk writing more letters to Martha Jane. Only this time he's telling her how to bring up Tiger Junior.

Which all goes to prove that you can't tell a tiger by the stripes he wears.

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Pfc. MARV LORE

"Look, Johnny. Mother has a furlough, too!"
—Cpl. Edith Allport, Truax Field, Wis.

EVADER ON HORSEBACK

You, too, may have heard of the lad 28
Who was classified in the draft as 3-A.
This sorrowful sack, I make haste to relate,
Is no longer listed that way.

He wrote down one charge he was bound to support:
A 2-year-old female dependent,
As a result of which he is now in court
Reclassified as a defendant.

For while the statement was technically true
(He could certainly prove every word—
She was a female and just had turned 2)
The lad is no longer deferred.

The draft board checked on his questionnaire
And found to its utter dismay
The charge was in fact a prancing young mare
And, as the man says, that ain't hay.

Criminologists say they all miss one clue,
Which fills them with bitter remorse;
He could not have done what he hoped to do
Unless she had been a draft horse.

Herbert Smart Airport, Ga. —Cpl. NATHANIEL ROGOVOY

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

The drug-store cowboy, off to war,
Still flies at ceiling zero;
He walks into an Army store,
And swaggers out a hero.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

JUST ONE LAST FLING

Oh, I must go down to town again, for a snort of mountain dew,
And a shot of rye with a certain guy, and a dance with a girl or two.
For the whisky's kick makes a larynx thick, and I feel my frail knees shaking,
And a wan sneer on my sallow face, from the beating my ulcers are taking.

Oh, I must go down to town again, for the fragrant, tipsy life,
And to the demon rum I will succumb, to free me of worldly strife.
In joy let me wean on some stale kerosene that is merely mildly disguised;
You may worry of war, while I sprawl on the floor, blissfully paralyzed.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla. —S/Sgt. FRANKLIN M. WILLMENT

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SPORTS: YANK'S SECOND SPORTS QUIZ FOR THE EXPERTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

SHIBE PARK, PHILADELPHIA—We are writing this from the Phillies' bench after flunking our own sports quiz of two weeks ago. Two of the answers we gave you in that quiz were wrong. The answer to the third question, "Were any of the Louis-Schmeling fights title bouts?" should have been "yes" since the second fight was definitely a title bout with Louis champion at the time. And the 11th question, "Name the players who formed the Million Dollar Infield" should have read "the $100,000 Infield." Nobody had a million dollars in those days.

Today's sports quiz is guaranteed to be absolutely correct—we hope. We checked all the baseball questions with Bill Brandt, head of the National League press bureau, who is said to have helped Abner Doubleday lay out the first baseball diamond; the boxing questions with Nat Fleischer, editor of *Ring Magazine,* who is rumored to have covered the first heavyweight championship match in history between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, and the football questions with Grantland Rice, who even knows the maiden name of every football player's mother.

In scoring yourself for this quiz, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent; 70 is good; 60 is fair; 50 is passing; and 40 or below is failure.

1. Max Schmeling won the heavyweight title in a bout with Jack Sharkey. To whom did he lose the title?

2. Who is Bob Coleman?

3. This one is tricky. How many hits for how many bases can you get without scoring a run?

4. Tennessee has played in three different bowls. Can you name them in order played?

5. Only one filly ever won the Kentucky Derby. Was her name Nellie Flag, Mata Hari, Regret or Cleopatra?

6. What woman won the national tennis championship and was also a finalist in the national golf championship? She just recently returned from Australia.

7. Name three baseball players whose nickname is Bucky?

8. Identify five out of seven of the personalities known by each of the following nicknames: *(a)* Fargo Express, *(b)* Hot Potato, *(c)* Sunny Jim, *(d)* Phainting Phil, *(e)* Old Bones, *(f)* Shanty, *(g)* Man Mountain.

9. Chief of Staff Gen. Marshall was an All-Southern football player at VMI. Do you know what position he played?

10. What heavyweight contender played the leading role in the movie "Prizefighter and the Lady" and later became champion by beating one of the supporting characters? And while you're at it, name the supporting character.

11. Th[illegible] Baseball [illegible] modern h[illegible] Can you name [illegible] them?

12. Who was the only tennis champion to sweep every title from England to Australia?

13. Not counting their most recent promotions, what military rank do these following sports figures hold: *(a)* Bobby Jones, *(b)* Billy Conn, *(c)* Donald Budge, *(d)* Bernie Bierman, *(e)* Patty Berg.

14. Henry Armstrong held three world's boxing titles simultaneously. What were they?

15. Most experts agree that Carl Hubbell's most spectacular pitching performance was in the 1934 All-Star game when he struck out five of the greatest sluggers in the American League in a row. Who were they?

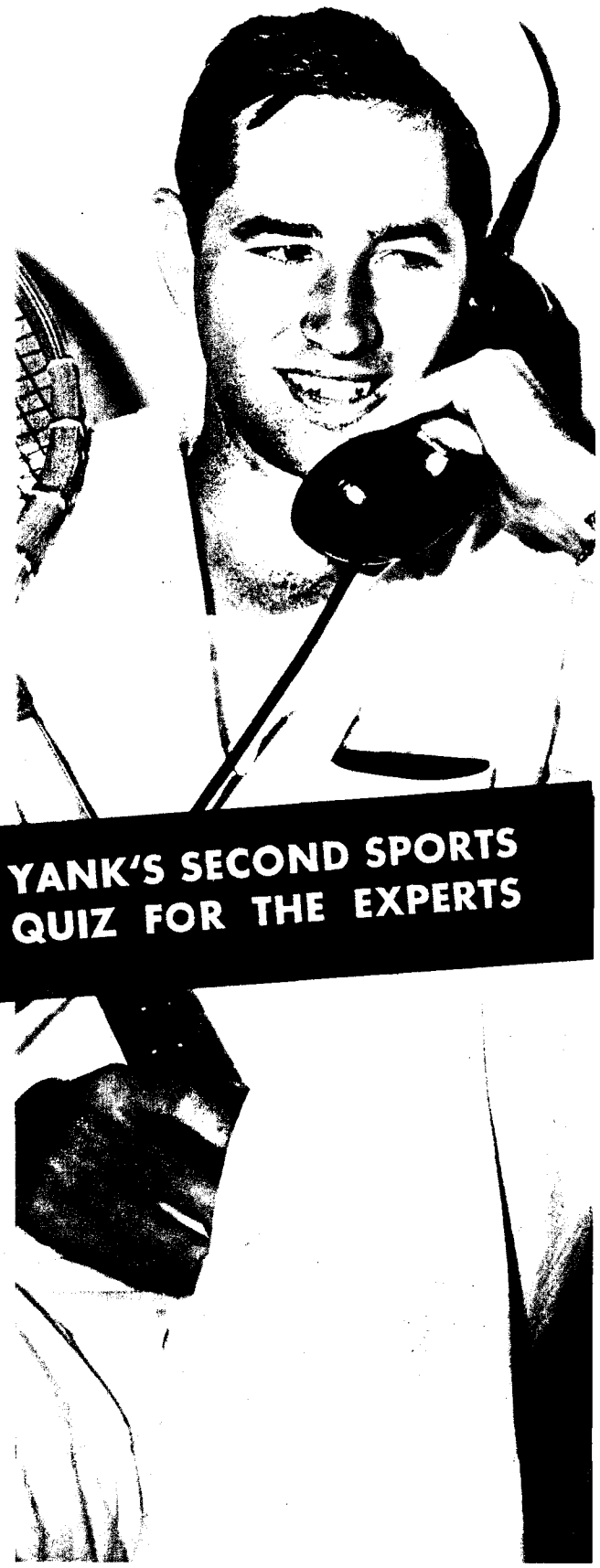
16. Give the last names of these famous brother combinations: *(a)* Lynn and Muzz, *(b)* Morton and Walker, *(c)* Joe and Luke, *(d)* Vince and Dom.

17. How many of the following ball players have batted .400 or better: Tris Speaker, Ted Williams, Babe Ruth, Rajah Hornsby, Joe DiMaggio, Bill Terry, Al Simmons?

18. Who fought in boxing's first million-dollar gate?

19. Has Sammy Snead ever won the National Open?

20. Who is the famous tennis player pictured on the right and where is he now?



ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Jack Sharkey. 2. Manager of Boston Braves. 3. Six hits, two triples and four singles. 4. Orange Bowl, Rose Bowl and Sugar Bowl (twice). 5. Regret. 6. Mary K. Browne. 7. Bucky Walters, Bucky Harris, Bucky Weaver and Bucky Newsom. 8. *(a)* Billy Petrolle, *(b)* Luke Hamlin, *(c)* Jim Fitzsimmons, *(d)* Phil Scott, *(e)* Exterminator, *(f)* Shanty Hogan, *(g)* Man Mountain Dean. 9. Tackle. 10. Max Baer, who later beat Primo Carnera for the title. 11. Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Babe Ruth, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Tris Speaker, Napoleon Lajoie, Cy Young, Grover Alexander, George Sisler, Eddie Collins, William Keeler, Lou Gehrig, Rogers Hornsby. 12. Donald Budge. 13. *(a)* Maj. Bobby Jones, *(b)* Cpl. Billy Conn, *(c)* Lt. Donald Budge, *(d)* Lt. Col. Bernie Bierman, *(e)* Lt. Patty Berg. 14. Featherweight, lightweight and welterweight. 15. Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin. 16. *(a)* Patrick, *(b)* Cooper, *(c)* Sewell, *(d)* DiMaggio. 17. Ted Williams, Rajah Hornsby, Bill Terry. 18. Jack Dempsey and Georges Carpentier. 19. No, but he came mighty close in 1938 when he blew up on the last hole and shot an eight. 20. Bobby Riggs, now stationed in Hawaii.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

OVERSEAS. S/Sgt. Joe Louis and his sparring partner, 1st Sgt. George Nicholson, shuffle down a London street. The blackout impressed Louis. "I wondered who took the lamp posts away" he grinned.

ACCORDING to a Transocean broadcast to the Far East, **Max Schmeling** recently made a propaganda visit to Rome and addressed a radio talk to American troops at the Anzio beachhead. Much of Schmeling's broadcast was devoted to a visit he said he had with **Primo Carnera** in Venice recently. "I am happy to be able to refute rumors alleging that Carnera has been shot by the Germans," Schmeling said. "He is in the best of health. On my return trip to Germany I shall again see him." Where, Max? In a concentration camp? . . . On his tour of North Africa, **Lefty Gomez** was asked by a GI to pick his all-time all-star baseball team. Gomez named: **Greenberg, DiMaggio, Ruth,** outfielders; **Gehrig, Cronin, Bluege, Gehringer,** infielders; **Dickey,** catcher, and **Grove,** pitcher. When the GI asked why he didn't pick **Ted Williams,** Gomez answered angrily: "You pick your team and I'll pick mine." . . . The reason **Sgt. Buddy Baer** may get a CDD is that he's still suffering from that licking Joe Louis gave him two years ago. . . . In case you have been wondering, 180 of the 400 players on major-league rosters are in 4-F classification. . . . **Capt. Hank Greenberg** has been shipped to the CBI as a special services officer. . . . It's no gag that **Lt. Mickey Cochrane** advised **Schoolboy Rowe** to try out for the outfield because he has so many big-league pitchers at Great Lakes. It's the truth. . . . **Capt. Jim Kisselburgh,** Oregon State's great fullback of 1939, reported here as missing in action, is a prisoner of war in Germany. . . . There are a lot of latrine rumors going around that the AAF will sponsor some big-time football teams next fall. The idea, as we understand it, is to have one big team for each air force in the States.

Killed in line of duty: **Lt. Col. Tommy Hitchcock,** one of the greatest polo players of all time, in a plane crash in England. . . . *Missing in action:* **Lt. Walter (Booty) Payne,** former Clemson College kicking star, after an air raid over Germany. . . . *Commissioned:* **Paul Brown,** Ohio State football coach, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy; **Chief Specialist Adolph Kiefer,** holder of a dozen swimming records, as an ensign in the Navy. . . . *Discharged:* **Pvt. Johnny Greco,** lightweight sensation of last year, from the Canadian Army with a CDD because of a back injury. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Bob Montgomery,** lightweight champion (New York version), by the Army; **Beau Jack,** ex-lightweight champion (same vintage), by the Army; **Johnny Murphy,** best Yankee relief pitcher, by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Jack Crawford,** Boston Bruins' hockey ace, because of head injuries; **Lou Lucier,** Boston Red Sox right-hander, because of head injuries; **Al Hollingsworth,** St. Louis Browns' pitcher, because of ankle injury; **Gene McEver,** Davidson College football coach, and **Art Cuccurullo,** Pittsburgh lefty, because of physical reasons.

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"SIR, I COULD SWEAR WE TOOK THIS ISLAND YESTERDAY."
—Pfc. Joe Kramer

"HE'S A PROPELLER EXPERT—BUT CARELESS AS HELL, THEY SAY."
—Sgt. William H. Turner

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221 Hosp. Ship Compl. —Pfc. PETER KRAWIEC

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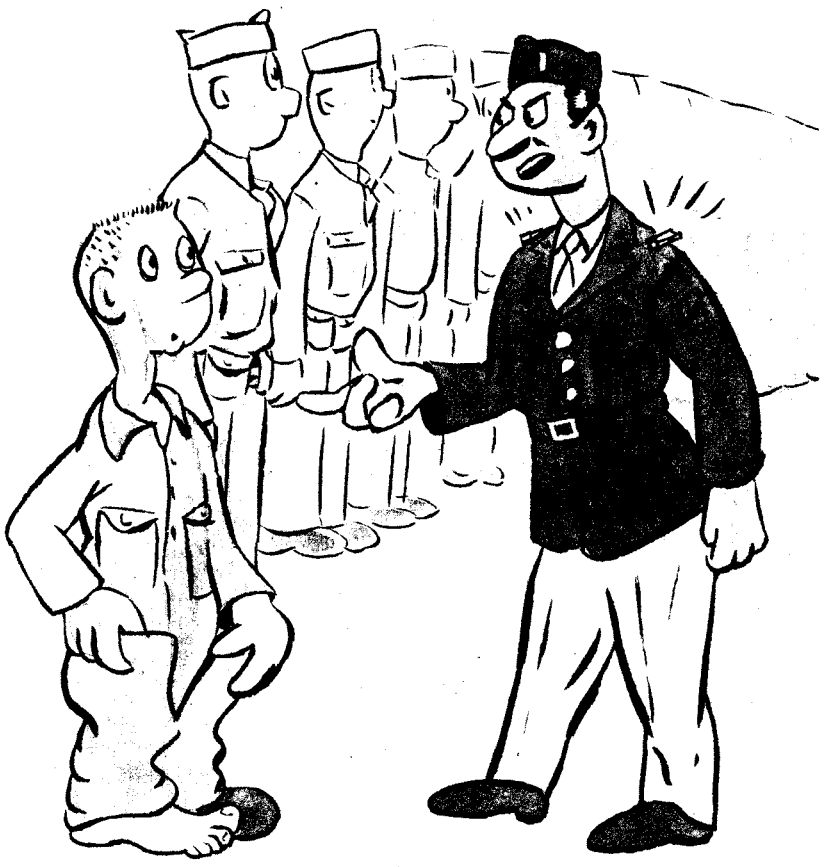
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"AND JUST WHAT KIND OF AN INSPECTION DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?"
—Pfc. Donald W. Sleeper

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